MEMOIR

OF THE

Rev. John Graham

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Rev. Robert L. Stanton, D. D.
with the Christian regards
of the Editor.
April 14th. 1880.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

By his Brother,

CHARLES GRAHAM,

MINISTER OF AVENUE ROAD CHURCH, SHEPHERD'S BUSH;

AUTHOR OF "CHRIST OUR LIGHT," "THE HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS," "THE COMING GREAT REVIVAL," ETC.

Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν, Χριστός· καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν, κέρδος.
PHIL. i. 21.

LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW AND CO.,

48, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Memoir of the Rev. John Graham.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

THIS Memoir is not a record of adventurous life, fitted to strike the imagination and captivate a reader, however superficial. But it has, we think, a higher value. It is the outer and inner life of a man of God, who for two-and-forty years steadily pursued his Christian course.

In holy zeal few in his day excelled him; and few in the ministry of the gospel were more successful in winning souls to Christ. Every believer may see in him how with success to "war the good warfare;" how the obedient soul is led by the Spirit; how victory is obtained over temptation; how the flame of divine love is kept burning; and how the cross is borne until the Master's call is heard, and the soul enters into the bliss of His presence.

John Graham was born near Omagh, the assize-town of the county Tyrone, Ireland, May 19th, 1822. He was called after his father, who was a man of great bodily strength and equal activity, and who scarcely ever had an hour's sickness; for, apart from a sound constitution, he observed the chief conditions of health. He retired and rose early, took vigorous exercise in the open air, and used the plainest food. His intellect was quick rather than solid; his fancy was vivid, and his memory tenacious. He was fond of repeating psalms, hymns, proverbs, and anecdotes. Some of his anecdotes were of a very exciting and thrilling character. He had been in the most sanguinary battles of the rebellion of 1798. When the rebellion broke out he was enlisted as a non-commissioned officer in the Dublin Militia, and promised a commission when a vacancy should occur. This step he was induced to take by Lord Mountjoy, his grandfather's and father's landlord. The night before the battle of New Ross he reconnoitred the rebel camp, and on his report General Johnson put his troops in order of battle. A battle was fought, General Johnson was defeated, Lord Mountjoy and nearly half the Dublin Militia, who went into the engagement a thousand strong, were slain. All the horse were killed, and the town taken by the rebels.

General Johnson did not wish to survive the defeat, and renewed the battle. The struggle was then truly for life and death. In that second engagement John Graham was considered to have slain upwards of forty rebels. He took the colours of "the Bantry corps," and killed the man that bore them. He was offered his commission, but preferred returning to his father.

His temperament was sanguine and impulsive, and his temper not always under due restraint. He would sometimes confess his faults, and purpose amendment; but, alas! his goodness, like Ephraim's, resembled "a morning cloud and the early dew."

He was brought up among the Presbyterians; but when his minister turned Unitarian he left him and attended the services of the Church of England. But only in his creed was his new minister better than the old; for he neither knew the gospel nor manifested any interest in the people.

Happily for himself and others John Graham, sen., following the traditions of his family and the hospitality of his country, entertained the Methodist preachers, who held services in his house; and through the gospel which he heard from them there was hope that he finally received the truth in the love of it.

Of his mother we are able to give an account from my brother's own pen. "In her youth she had moved in the gayest circle of her native town. Her two sisters were married to military officers. To the wonder of many, and displeasure of her mother, she married the young farmer who had returned from the war. Sometimes, when she considered the gayer attire and society of her sisters, a momentary sigh escaped her. But even comparatively, on fair review, her lot was not calculated to make her repine; for she lived longer, and reared a more numerous and more useful family than either of her sisters. Her portrait can never be effaced from those on whose hearts it was once impressed by the sunlight of her benignant maternal look. She was a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stately woman, and with

advancing years became somewhat corpulent. Of later years pain and sorrow gave a slightly pensive cast to her pale, refined, intelligent countenance. But her ample brow was habitually smooth; and though her bluish-grey eye was sometimes dreamy, it was habitually steady, penetrating, and clear. She was silent and meditative, and thought more than she either read or spoke.

"God used the ploughshare of affliction to break up the fallow ground of her soul for precious seed. Sorrow had opened her eyes on a higher heaven and a deeper life. One post brought word of one sister dead of plague in Jamaica; another, that her other sister died from bursting a vessel in the lungs. One year saw her second daughter wither in disease; another witnessed her cries as she found the golden locks of her youngest daughter floating in the garden well, where life was irrevocably extinct. Her broken heart turned to the Saviour for healing, which was not denied, and a mighty faith with love and meekness grew up within her, and shone around her. Her deep religious nature received the word of truth and life, and yielded fruit sixty, if not an hundred fold. There was an ease and beauty and naturalness about her piety that made you feel it was a stream from a fountain which flowed because it must.

"Few, perhaps, ever helped the poor so liberally on equal means; and very few ever walked closer with God, or had more of the respect and love of the circle in which they respectively moved. She was ambitious of mental improvement for herself, but still more so for her children. She was a patient wife, and a devoted mother. She loved poetry, and had a full, flexible voice; and while the honeyed leaves of the great sycamore before

the door were alive with the hum of bees, she would often sit knitting beneath it, singing Watts's sweet hymn—

"My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights," &c.

And evidently the melody in her soul was to her sweeter than honey or the honeycomb.

"There was one little room that looked out on the garden, and it was the resort of her holiest hours. There, while spring breezes swayed inwards the sweetbriar leaves, or the white cherry blossoms, or while winter moaned through naked trees, she offered the incense of prayer in childlike faith and love, or opened up the sorrows of her heart to God. She had many irritations and afflictions; but seldom did she return from that silent sanctuary that her brow was not smooth and her countenance tranquil, if not radiant."

As an illustration of her prayerfulness, it may be remarked that in writing to her eldest son in Australia, for whose conversion she had long been deeply desirous, she called God to witness that from the time he had left home, nine years previously, she had three times a day pleaded at the mercy-seat on his behalf.

Of such parents was John Graham born. As a boy he was healthy and vigorous, remarkable for his sprightliness, drollery, and fondness of play. He was exceedingly swift of foot, and delighted in running matches. At school he was considered an apt pupil, but he received little instruction calculated to develope or train his bright intellect. Up to near his fourteenth year he was sent from one school to another, but all were much on a par in their rudimentary character and defective training. We should, however, make one exception; for at the

age indicated he was well grounded in Arithmetic. In a journal which he kept for some time after he entered the ministry, he writes:

"My education till my twelfth year was exceedingly defective in the branches in which I should have been taught. I knew almost nothing of Geography beyond the horizon of mountains that girdled the basin of country in which was my humble home. But there was much of grandeur and beauty shut within that space; and school-boy rambles through its scenes, especially Mountjoy Forest and demesne, made indelible impressions on me of nature's beauties. Up to that period I knew nothing of myself, of men, nor of the world. The finding of a bird's nest, or winning a game of marbles, or reading a story, or taking tea with aunt and uncle Stewart, were among my most exciting felicities."

As his mind unfolded he became very fond of reading. But living in the country, where few books suitable to his age were within his reach, his lively imagination led him to most unsuitable mental food. "Stories and poetry of all sorts," he says, "I devoured with insatiable avidity. Robin Hood's ballads set me almost wildly enamoured of green woods and bows and arrows. I remember one day, when a school-fellow and I drew our bows in the green wood, his arrow, with a sharp horse's nail in the head, pierced through my shoe and rasped on the bone in the instep of my foot. The pain and inflammation that for days ensued, allayed the fury of my brain for imitating the archery of Robin Hood and Little John.

"Often, when going to school through the lovely groves of Mountjoy Forest and demesne, I used to lie down and weep on the flowery banks, I knew not why, while

thrush and blackbird made the woods re-echo with their notes. The lucid stream, the verdant earth, the azure depths of heaven, often fixed my gaze and awakened feelings of romantic, pensive joy, of which none would have thought me capable who had seen my mischief and mirth in hours of companionship and play."

But books of another order from those already noticed soon began to exert upon him a more beneficial, and what proved, by the divine blessing, a lasting influence. "It was," he writes, "an eventful day that I laid my hands on *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The reading of the golden dreamer's enchanting story gave my mind a powerful literary and religious impulse. My mother had some good and interesting books; and from about my twelfth year I generally spent a good deal of leisure time in reading such books as struck my fancy, or as I heard praised. Thus I often spent the hours when sent to herd in the fields. Here my taste for books, and habits of reading and thinking, unconsciously, and to all appearance accidentally, began to form." It was thus God, in His providence, was preparing him for his future life-work. He was surrounded by the Lord's people, many of whom were eminently devoted saints, and the ministers of Christ constantly visited and preached at his father's house. Of the influence of one devoted man he thus writes:

"I remember being much impressed by the remarkable look and tearful exhortations of old William Stewart, who held prayer-meetings on the summer Sunday evenings. He was a patriarchal man in appearance, spirit, and family. The voices of himself and seven sons and daughters gave great effect to the Psalms. My mother often took me to hear him exhort and pray. He had

been originally apprenticed to an attorney; but shocked by the chicanery and vice of the office, he left it and bound himself to a carpenter, and wrought at that trade till he could work no more." This dear man of God had received a university education, and had been intended by his father for the ministry of the Episcopal, then Established, Church, but his patron dying he did not enter it. He was the means of leading many souls to the knowledge of Christ. His son, Hamilton, became one of the brightest Christians that it has been my privilege to know.

My brother, in his journal, adds: "I used to weep under sermons when I could give no distinct account of the cause of my emotions. This was especially so under the sermons of old William Herbert, the Primitive Wesleyan preacher.

"My mother's pathetic singing of Wesley's hymns in the quiet evening, when she and I were alone, used to draw forth my pensive, but not painful, tears. Her meek, pale, graceful look and sweet tones went deep into my heart."

To such impressions the deep sympathy of his nature, and his ardent love for his mother, made him susceptible; but by her wise counsels, evangelic teaching, holy example, and earnest prayers with and for him, were made still deeper and better impressions. When fifteen years of age that great change, without which no man can see the kingdom of God, passed upon him.

It was on a Sunday, the day of Christ's resurrection, and an Easter Sunday too, that his soul rose into newness of life. It was then that the sowing of years in one hour appeared in a rich harvest, again to be sown and bear fruit in many hundreds, if not thousands, of hearts.

In his journal, "February 22nd, 1844, Kinsale," he refers to this blessed event. "Preached last night at Mr. James Bennett's, of Ballymartle parish. Before the congregation gathered I went out to meditate and pray. The evening was calm and delightful, and I felt a sweet repose of soul in the God of nature and grace. The time and the scenery vividly recalled the circumstances of my soul's first espousals to God. Oh, happy day! Throughout time and eternity I shall remember it with feelings of gratitude, adoration, and love."

The following month, "April 7th, Easter-day," he writes: "Oh, how I should hail the light of this happy day! It was on this day that Jesus rose and finished the work of redemption; and on the evening of this day, five years past (as well as I remember), my soul first found repose from its guilt and fears in the mercy and merits of my risen Lord."

From the time of his conversion he connected himself with the people of God; and whatever changes he may have experienced in his own heart, his outer life was uniformly consistent.

Being four years and six months older than he, and having been sent when quite young to a classical school, I was necessarily in advance of him in education. At sixteen he commenced his classical studies under my direction. At seventeen he went to Abbey Hall, a very high-class school, in Omagh. Subsequently he obtained a tutorship in classics and mathematics in Foyle College, Londonderry. Few men ever thirsted more for knowledge, in every department of truth, than he did; and to the end of life he pursued it with avidity.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MINISTRY.

N his nineteenth year my brother came to live with me in Dublin, where I was a minister. Here he was in the midst of books, and at one of the fountain-heads of knowledge, and well did he improve his opportunity. He read much; and, among other compositions, produced a poem on the infancy of Christ, which appeared in a magazine, and for its force and spirit was admired by many. He felt he was called to preach the gospel; and as he had conducted services in various places, to others that call was quite as apparent as to himself. But the trying question arose, Among what body could he conscientiously exercise his ministry? He had been brought up in the Episcopal Church. The curates of the parish had been of late years constant visitors at his father's house. One of them for some time had conducted in it a weekly lecture. I cannot say that all his predilections were in favour of that Church. Most of the clergy he had known were opposed to that doctrine of the new birth which he had experienced. Whatever spiritual religion was in his part of the country was chiefly

among the Methodists. His father had for many years entertained the Primitive Wesleyan preachers, who held monthly services at his house. This body was then connected with the Church of England, but is now united with the Wesleyans. Through them much blessing had come to his father's house and the large circle of his friends. Into the ministry of this people he entered. What helped much to decide his choice was *The Tracts for the Times*, just then appearing. These he saw, as did every intelligent Protestant, to be deeply tinctured with popish doctrine, and to lead to popery as their necessary goal. He was then only twenty years of age.

His first appointment was to the old Spanish-built town of Kinsale. The way in which he entered on his ministry, and the spirit in which he persevered in it, will be seen by a few extracts from his letters to me at that period. August 11th, 1842, he writes:

"My dear Brother,

"I think your suggestion to lecture more [on Scripture] and preach less is very just. I have adopted the plan, and think the people are more profited by it. I intend, with God's help, to deal very plainly with sinners about their souls. I see that nothing but plain, home, heart-work will do. I find when I live, as it were, at the throne of grace, and breathe more of the Spirit of God, much less difficulty than I thought in getting material for preaching."

His ministry from the first was greatly blessed, both in the conversion of sinners and building up of saints. He was exceedingly popular, and no doubt was in

much spiritual danger from the praise of well-meaning but unwise hearers. His hands, however, were much strengthened by his mother's letters, and still more by her prayers. She knew his danger, and she knew what was the shield which could quench all the fiery darts of the enemy. In a letter to him, dated September 9th, 1842, she says, "I had two letters lately from Charles with good news from you and himself. May God make you men of clean hands and pure hearts, and add to your grace and to the number of your converts such as shall be eternally saved. . . . The hand of the Lord is with me. Farewell. That God may preserve you, soul and body, is the prayer of your affectionate mother."

In her next letter she says: "My desire is, like Mary, to lie at the Master's feet till all His will is done in me. May God make you more faithful, more fruitful, and more successful, and may you be always found in the valley of humility! This has been the prayer of your mother since the day you left home."

Greatly did she rejoice in the success of his labours. In a letter to me, April 10th, 1843, she adverts to this with great thankfulness: "I had a letter from John yesterday. The Lord has acknowledged, and is greatly acknowledging, his labours. May he be found at the feet of Jesus!" She concludes with the prayer, "May God bless you, soul and body! And may your brother John and you be faithful, steady, upright men in the sight of God and man!"

God gave my brother at this period heavy ballast in repeated and often severe attacks of illness. May 19th, 1843, after one of his less severe attacks, he writes:

"This slight chastisement of the Lord has tended greatly to my spiritual health. I heard, as it were, His voice saying to me, 'Whom I love I rebuke and chasten.' . . . . . Glory be to the free, unmerited love of God in Christ Jesus. My peace is unruffled. I feel that for me to live is Christ, but to die would be exceeding great and eternal gain. If it be the will of God to raise me up, as I think it is, I am determined to think and speak and act exclusively for the Lord. . . . Never did I feel myself such a weak, dependent creature as in the few days past. God has been teaching me that without Christ I can do nothing."

On the 22nd he writes: "I am just now in receipt of your kind letter. My health, thank mercy, is now quite restored. I feel a degree of gratitude. Oh that my heart were filled with it, for God's supporting grace during the past year! He has made me instrumental in a little good; He has been and is carrying on His work in my heart. There is nothing such a temptation to me as the desire of pleasing men. This shows me that my faith is very weak, otherwise my mind would be so filled with the Creator that the creature would be forgotten, the puff of whose praise or dispraise is only for a moment. I have received the most marked attention from the Society, and from some persons of high rank outside it, during my few days' illness. I take all as pledges of the Saviour's care over one of His poorest, weakest followers. May our dear Lord be with us always—in sickness, in health, in the study and in the pulpit, in all times and places—is the prayer of your affectionate brother, J. GRAHAM."

One week after he writes: "Yesterday I felt very weak with a pain in my back, and giddiness in my head, so that I feared I should scarcely be able to preach. I prayed to God for both bodily and mental strength, and received a most plain and gracious answer to prayer. Oh, had we faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, what mountains we might remove!" He was at this time coming to Waterford to take my place in the ministry of the Word for a short season. "Let us pray daily," he writes, "with all our hearts, and let us stimulate our friends to pray that God may revive His work in Waterford, and bless and signalize this season by the conversion of many souls. I met a sweet promise yesterday, which greatly cheered my mind—'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Surely God will fulfil His promise to us if we weep and pray for the salvation of souls, and faithfully sow the precious seed. I have felt great peace and comfort in God, both to-day and yesterday. I renewed my covenant yesterday with the Lord, and it strengthened my faith greatly. I have much freer access than usual to the blood of sprinkling. I remain, your ever affectionate brother,

"J. GRAHAM."

On the review of his first year's ministry he writes: "June 10th, 1843. I am amazed that God has at all acknowledged my labours in the past year, and wonder that He has supported the existence of such a worthless being; but it is all attributable to His unspeakable love in Christ Jesus. . . . May God give you strength in soul

and body; may He fill your heart to overflowing with His love; and may He open up our way before us, and guide our steps!"

After his first service in Waterford, July 3rd, 1843, he writes: "Oh for grace to absorb our whole powers of soul and body in working for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom! Our congregation yesterday evening was large, and there was a good spirit pervading the meeting. I found God supporting me while I spoke from Phil. i. 21: 'For me to live is Christ.'"

On leaving Waterford, Cork became my sphere of labour. This brought us within twelve miles of each other. July 7th he writes: "You cannot conceive the happiness I anticipate from our being so near each other. But, oh, let us be tremblingly, supernaturally watchful to draw our chief happiness from the hope of being useful in our congregations in the coming year. Let us in the strength of the 'mighty God, the Prince of peace,' be determined to know nothing among the people but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

He might in his measure, like his blessed Master, have said at this time, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." His love for souls was a heaven-enkindled passion, which led him into labours that proved too much for his bodily strength. For the salvation of souls he laboured earnestly in his ministry; and for the salvation of souls he wrestled mightily in prayer. An extract from his journal at this period will afford a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of his feelings on this subject: "This is Good Friday evening, the night that Jesus agonized in Gethsemane for my poor soul, and for all my guilty race. Oh, my Jesus, methinks I see thee prostrate, sweating

great drops of blood through the intensity of thy mental anguish! Oh, my soul, behold here the price of thy redemption! here fall prostrate in adoring wonder at thy Saviour's feet! O Jesus,

> "'My spirit to Calvary bear,
> To suffer and triumph with Thee.'

Oh that I could sympathize with Jesus in His agony, in His travail for souls!"

On both his prayers and his preaching God put signal honour. I enlisted his prayers on behalf of a dear friend, but unconverted, who was dangerously ill. God heard prayer, and in reference to the answer he writes: "I am greatly rejoiced and strengthened in faith by the account of Anna's recovery, and still more by the happy news of Henry's conversion. Here is another proof that prayer cannot fail. How very useful may he be in the cause of God? How much honour may he bring to the Saviour's name? These considerations should urge us to earnest, united prayer for his confirmation in grace. I shall write to him soon. During the last two or three days God has graciously vouchsafed me such a measure of His Spirit as to enable me to break the power of temptation; but I want prevailing energy in prayer. I have some dawnings of faith and hope about a revival here before the year's end. If ever any of God's children wanted wisdom to direct, I do now. I see I am in danger of again injuring health if I give way to my desire for exertion. If I, on the contrary, go along calmly and prudentially, I am in danger of freezing, which is worse than death. When I use the means I feel an unholy impatience and fretfulness if I do not

immediately see results; if apparent good does not follow soon, I am ready to think no good has been done at all. I want a 'patient waiting on God,' and until I obtain this spirit it is not likely God will bless my labours much. Sometimes I hear it whispered to my heart, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God.'"

He wisely sought the co-operation of those who had something of his own spirit, and he especially sought the earnest co-operation of his fellow-Christians and fellow-workers at home with him. To this end he endeavoured to kindle in their hearts the zeal which burned in his own. In an undated letter, but about this time, he wrote: "We have just now had a meeting, and have determined on convening the members and friends next Monday evening to tea, for the purpose of offering united prayer for the conversion of souls. They request me to invite you to the meeting to deliver an address on whatever practical subject your mind may be directed to by the Spirit. We shall all, I hope, be earnestly engaged with God for an outpouring of the Spirit. The conviction on all our minds is, that we are not making effort enough for the conversion of souls. This meeting is intended to quicken believers, and to show sinners their danger. Our, or at least my, expectations are high about it. I hope you will make a strenuous effort to come, and to come filled with the Spirit. I went yesterday morning to see a young lady who is dying of consumption, and her triumph through the cross was surpassingly glorious."

The meeting referred to, which I had the privilege of attending, and in which some very devoted workers for Christ from a distance took part, was marked by much

earnestness and power. It greatly stirred up the zeal of believers, and strengthened himself for his evangelistic work.

He was exceedingly watchful, and sought to keep the Lord continually before him, lest in anything he should grieve or hinder the Holy Spirit, on whose power he depended both for his own close walk with God, and for the success of his ministry. In his journal he writes:

"March 12th, 1844. Last night I made a solemn renunciation of every idol for Christ, and I since have felt much peace and nearness of access through Him to God. . . . Oh, my God, I feel my heart prone to slide back every moment! Surely from this I shall learn to be tremblingly cautious to flee from the first appearance of evil! O Lord,

> "'A holy fear of sin impart,
> Implant and root it deep within."

This dedication he often repeated, and in the power of it he lived. On the night of the 26th of the month following his last entry he writes: "I am resolved, by the grace of God, to dedicate myself afresh to God this night, and set out with renewed resolution for higher and deeper attainments in knowledge, grace, and usefulness."

On March 27th he wrote to me: "God has lately given me more of the spirit of supplication, and I trust we shall have many souls converted before this year's end. Prayer shuts or opens heaven. The Kilbritain people (one of his country stations) have advertized me of a convocation of the brethren for prayer before preaching there to-night. I believe it will be attended

with great good. . . . We are many of us on the stretch of expectancy for an outpouring of the Spirit. I hope in God your coming will do great good. Let us believe it."

It is the record of the soul's communings with God which reveals the depth and reality of its experience. In the midst of these labours and wrestlings for souls I find the following entry in his journal: "February 24th. Praised be the mercy of my God, I have enjoyed a good deal of His presence to-day. The Sun of Righteousness rose on me early in prayer, and hath shone on my soul all the day. I find that when I have the approving presence of God every thing goes smoothly and sweetly along. I have reaped a good degree of profit both to my head and heart by reading Watson on the *Attributes*, and by writing a sermon on 2 Cor. i. 20. Oh, my God, I here from my heart desire to dedicate all my powers, both of body and mind, afresh to thee! I am thine; use me as thou wilt. Amen. Amen."

It is in the light of the Lord only that we can learn the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the natural heart. A few extracts from his journal at this period will show the depth of his conviction as to the utter depravity of his fallen nature, and his profound humiliation before God on account of it. "After preaching (in Ballymartle) I returned home. The distance was about four miles. The road was rugged, and the night dismally dark and wet. I felt myself, both soul and body, in God's keeping. I felt my heart thankful that the heavens were not pouring down fire and brimstone upon me, the only fate that the rebellion of my life, and depravity of my heart, deserve from the just Governor and Judge of the universe."

Next evening he preached in Kinsale from 2 Peter iii. 18: "Grow in grace," &c. He writes: "As I had not sufficiently prepared by study and prayer, and as some strangers were present, I felt rather confused, and I fear the word was not with power. In fact, all this day my communion with God has been comparatively shallow and interrupted; and when this is so, I always feel in the public services as if my hands were nerveless, and my weapons pointless. While I live in this way I dishonour God, and wrong the people."

Soon after he writes: "I have been greatly tempted by Satan through the flesh to-day; but obtained victory by casting myself, a helpless child, on God's compassion and love as exhibited in the cross. Oh, my God, I see there is much inherent corruption as yet ingrained in my soul! I see still a strong bias to evil in my nature. Oh that thou wouldst sanctify me throughout—spirit, soul, and body! When I have spiritual exercises to perform in public, I find that Satan endeavours by temptation to bring me under the bondage of guilt or unbelief, and thus prevent the efficiency of my ministrations among the people. Oh, how I need to continue instant in prayer, watching thereunto with all perseverance!"

He was at this time shaking the kingdom of Satan both in the town and country around, and the old serpent did not cease to ply him with his wiles. But every temptation, as the storm does the frightened bird, drove him to his refuge. Again we hear his confession: "This day I have been fiercely assailed by temptation, and have experienced much of my own utter weakness. Satan, I fear, is laying many artful snares for my feet,

from which nothing but the wisdom and power of God can keep me safe. Oh, my God, protect and direct me always in the way in which I should go! Let me feel my own nothingness, and let me realize Jesus as my wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. In Cove, in the evening, I preached from Luke xi. 10 with a good deal of liberty. I hope God will bless the Word. Oh for that mighty power in prayer which brings the Spirit down! I was earnestly solicited by a lady for a copy of the sermon in manuscript. God, save me from pride; save me from being thought anything more than a trumpet in thy hand."

His next entry is: "Prepared and preached a sermon on repentance from 2 Cor. vii. 10. Having had intimation that several of the gentry would be present, I prepared to speak plainly to them. I hope God blessed the effort. I felt a good deal of liberty in applying the subject, and all were deeply attentive. The people lavished praises on the sermon and preacher. O my God, save me from taking, and them from giving, that praise to a worm of sin and dust which is due alone to God, who is over all blessed for ever! If the people knew my sinfulness and corruption as well as I do myself, they would despise me as vile. O my God, purge me with hyssop dipped in the blood of the atoning Lamb, and I shall be clean!"

How much he owed amid these labours and conflicts to his mother's prayers for him will in part appear from the following brief extracts from two of her letters to him: "November 2nd, 1843. Some weeks back, when at the throne of grace, offering you in particular, I felt great power and life in my soul. Tell me, had you a revival?

Glory be to Jesus, you have favour in the eyes of the people! . . . . May this find you in health of body and soul. And now, my Benjamin, may you be an instrument in the hand of Jesus in bringing sinners to God. This is the prayer of your affectionate mother."

The next is dated 11th April, 1844: "This day I received a letter from Charles, and derived a great deal of pleasure from it. He says you have been with him in Cork, and preached twice. I am daily praying to God for you that you may be found in the valley of humility. He says you are getting strong in body; may you grow strong in the Lord! Jesus grant you every grace a preacher requires! I don't know how it comes; you and Charles are in my thoughts lying and rising."

Many a time when we were children, before going out to school in the morning, she placed us at her side and prayed God to keep and bless us. Those prayers were answered. When we entered the ministry her prayers for us were not less fervent; and they too have been answered. Their full effect heaven only will reveal.

Temptation, according to Luther, is one of the necesnary qualifications of the minister of Christ. It certainly was one of his own preparations for the great and arduous work to which he was called. But, above all, it was that through which our blessed Master, after He received the plenitude of the Spirit at His baptism in the Jordan, was called to pass. In order that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest, able to sympathize with and succour us in our trials and temptations, He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." John Graham could not have become the pastor and minister of Christ that he was, had he not passed

through protracted and severe temptation and trial. In the first instance it cast him upon God for that grace which abounded in his support and deliverance. Of the sufficiency of that grace he could speak with confidence to others. In the second place, his heart was drawn out to all the children of sorrow, and to all buffeted by temptation. In the sympathy and tenderness which he himself had received from the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, he became His imitator. The last entry in his journal in Kinsale will reveal something more of this spiritual preparation:

"July 9th, 1844. Since my last entry in this book many things have occurred which should have been noted only that for the most of that time I have been disabled from writing by weakness and pain in my chest. About the beginning of May this affliction returned, and forced me to retire from labour, and remain almost inactive with Charles in Cork, except that, thank God, I have been enabled to improve the time by reading. The affliction I received as a dispensation of mercy from my heavenly Father's tender and merciful providence.

"1. It took me from a scene of the most fierce and wily temptation that ever my soul was exposed to. As far as I can see, nothing but being taken away could have delivered me.

"2. It brought me into the society of my brother, from whose conversation and conduct I have learned some wholesome lessons of prudence and wisdom, which I very much need.

"3. It has given me opportunity for laying in a little more useful knowledge, which I trust will much help my pulpit exercises.

"4. It has taught me—oh that I could fully learn the lesson!—that I am nothing in the sight of God; that if my name were blotted from the annals of the living, both He and His Church could do without me. My depraved, worthless, proud heart would say that I am something; but, O my God, by permitting temptation and sickness to come upon me, thou hast shown me that I am only a mass of weakness and corruption! What am I, either bodily, intellectually, or spiritually, in thy sight? Oh that I could ever keep my proper place, which is low in the dust, at Jehovah-Jesus' feet! I am a polluted worm, often washed, but as often crawling out into the mud again. If God deigns to work by me in saving souls, it will be the lowest reach of His condescending grace."

No period of his life lets us so much into the innermost recesses of his spirit as that which he spent in Kinsale; and it was, without doubt, the most important period of his spiritual education. Here "he purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY MINISTRY CONTINUED.

FOR one so young in years, and in the ministry of the gospel, his clear intelligence as to the secret of ministerial power is worthy of notice. The second entry in his journal, February 23rd, 1844 is: "Spent the greater part of this day in reading and writing for a sermon on John xiv. 6. While thinking and praying over the subject, I have had some enlarged views of the mediatorship and efficacy of the work of Jesus Christ. Thanks be to God, I feel it well that I have a great High Priest. Oh that my soul could realize all the consolation and power that this doctrine is calculated to inspire! Lord, help me to plead in faith for an increase of holiness in my own heart, and for a revival among the people. O my Lord Jesus, join my petitions to thine, and then they must prevail! I have peace in resting my soul on Jesus; but want more of the power of the Spirit."

Two days after he says: "I felt much of the presence and power of God with me this day in the public services. I endeavoured to believe for a blessing on myself and the people, and I am sure God did according to and

above my faith. I find it a great advantage to have my sermons prepared before the Lord's-day. Having them digested and arranged in my mind gives me time for prayer, both in the closet and pulpit, before I preach; and so my mind being at ease, unshackled by fear and care, I can deliver and impress the truth with more point and energy; but without the Spirit every plan and care is vain. O my soul, hang on Jesus for the promise of the Father!"

The river deepened and widened as it rolled onward, so that in little less than a month afterwards he writes: "After reading the Bible and prayer this morning I feel my faith greatly strengthened. I see that the power of God can and will convert souls. Who or what can stand before the outstretched arm of Jehovah? I feel an earnest of this power in my own soul to-day, and by God's grace will earnestly seek more of it. To obtain this I must give myself more, far more, to prayer, and make time for more lengthened, fervent, and frequent exercises in this duty. I must curtail some non-essential, and even some useful, reading. I must rigidly economize time, and live only to be useful. O my heavenly Father, strengthen me with might by thy Spirit in the inner man, that I may fulfil these resolves, and live only for the glory of my Lord Jesus Christ! And so thou wilt; for sure I am that thine eye looks with deep and fatherly complacency on the desires that thy Spirit is working in me, to glorify thy Son by bringing sinners to Him. Now, Lord, direct me by thy Spirit in preparing to preach to-night. Suggest such thoughts as thou canst bless. Let me be less than nothing in my own esteem, and in the esteem of the people, and may Jesus

be all in all." He adds: "Spent the latter part of this day at Mr. D——'s, in Cove. God enabled me in a great measure to maintain a watchful spirit, and to conduct the conversation profitably. Before dinner I visited some of the people, and was greatly delighted by the signs of genuine repentance in old Mr. H——. He wept at the thought of his many years of carelessness and ingratitude to such a long-suffering, merciful God. He appears to see the value of the Saviour. After dinner I preached to a crowded and deeply-attentive congregation from Matthew xviii. 20. Owing to a severe cold, I had not much energy in preaching, but endeavoured to sow in reliance on the Spirit's power."

One other extract on this subject will suffice. It is the entry of Sunday evening, March 17th, 1844. "In consequence of rising late I had not much time for prayer before preaching, and felt rather dry in spirit, but not without some power. In the evening, after a good deal of prayerful preparation, I preached a very plain scriptural sermon from Isaiah lix. 12. I went, trusting to God's Spirit alone for success, and the sermon was evidently blessed. I strove to hide self, and let God speak. I plainly see I must honour the Holy Ghost by entire dependence on His agency to bless the truth.

"How may I ensure an abundant measure of the Holy Spirit's influences on my public ministrations?

"1. By a diligent exercise to collect and arrange Scripture truths for the pulpit. God will not bless idleness. I find that when I neglect proper preparation I have no confidence in claiming the influence of the Spirit, except in cases where preparation was impossible.

"2. By habitually walking with God, holding communion with Him, and keeping His glory in view as my single aim. Without this holy walk and single aim continually I cannot expect the Spirit's power to rest on me when I enter the pulpit.

"3. When I have done my utmost by preparation and prayer I must remember that without Christ I can do nothing; that if the Word would be effectual, it must be Christ's Spirit that will speak through me, and move the people's hearts. I must sow in faith. Although circumstances are against it, and no immediate signs appear, I must not indulge a fretful, impatient spirit, as if my pride were offended, that God did not work in my way, and according to my preconceived ideas. When conscious that I have discharged my duty I must rest in the assurance of God's faithful promises, standing still to see the salvation of God.

"4. When in the pulpit I must avoid every thing that would attract the attention of the people to myself, and away from God and His truth. I must water the seed sown by earnest, persevering, closest prayer. After all I must, in a spirit of deep self-abasement, fall down before God, asking pardon for my best doings, and confessing myself an unprofitable servant, entreating God's good Spirit to lead and guide me in all things.

"I find," he elsewhere says, "that praying earnestly for any blessing for myself or others brings me nearer to God. Oh that I could dwell continually beneath the shadow of His wings!"

But while he prayed without ceasing, all his supplications and intercessions were based on the only ground which could give them prevalence with God. Thus he

says: "In praying for the revival of God's work, and for His blessing on myself and the people on the coming Lord's-day, I had a good deal of liberty and assurance, arising from the consideration of Christ's mediatorship as our risen Head and Representative in heaven; as bearing our nature, and yet being God."

Like every true minister of Christ, all the seed which he sowed he watered with prayer. Prayer preceded his ministrations, and prayer followed them. Discovering that a number of persons in a country place (Ballymartle) had been brought to Christ through his preaching, he remarks: "I had often watered the word sown in this place with tears, and my faith about its success was very weak; but now I see God does deign to hear and answer the weakest prayer of His most unworthy servant. Oh for more unwavering faith in the promises of God! Surely, my soul, whatever be thy doubts and fears, God is truth, and the Scripture cannot be broken! Lord, increase my weak faith."

A visit to another of his country appointments (Kilbritain) may here be noticed. "My communion with God on the way was sweet. I felt so humbled in heart before the God of all my unmerited mercies that I could have thrown myself prostrate before Him on the road. I spoke from 1 Cor. i. 20 to a crowded and deeply-attentive congregation, and I have reason to believe the Word was blessed to many. The people of God there are the most spiritual in mind and simple in faith of any I have met. They hunger and thirst after scriptural knowledge, and they are advancing rapidly in it. I have learned much from them. It is delightful and refreshing to my soul to visit them. Their prayers for

me I esteem as one of my greatest blessings. Oh, how I shall rejoice to meet these dear followers of Jesus around our Master's throne!"

Of another visit to this people, and his fellowship with them, he writes: "Rode along the coast to Kilbritain. Enjoyed a sweet season with God in private prayer before meeting. In preaching God gave me great enlargement and power, and the Word was greatly blessed to the edification and comfort of the attentive people. God always blesses the fellowship of these simple saints to my soul, and I leave them greatly refreshed in spirit."

The testimony of this faithful people, as the following entry will show, was not in vain. "April 25th, 1844, visited in my way from Kilbritain Mr. Dawes and wife. They came from England to reside for some time near Kilbritain, and both, since their coming, have, I believe, experienced the power of the truth. They bless God for having directed their feet to this place, and are about to return to their country to tell what great things God has done for them. They speak in the highest terms of the professors here, of their consistency, spirituality, and clear knowledge of Scripture. Oh that the Church were faithful and united in testimony for Jesus! Their practice would not then contradict the ministry, and sinners would yield to the overwhelming evidence of the truth."

After a day of severe temptation, at this period, he was much strengthened in faith by a remarkable dream. Of this dream he observes: "Though I do not regard dreams much, this strange dream I would be guilty in not observing. I thought that Jesus Christ appeared to me as He was once seen on earth. Humility and love

were all that appeared to distinguish His person. I thought He perfectly knew the state of my heart, my unbelief, temptations, &c., and that He saw and approved my sincerity. To remove my unbelief He repeated one of His miracles before me, which came with such convincing evidence that it filled me with a sense of His power and condescension such as I had never felt before. I thought He left me an affectionate charge to be zealous and faithful in His cause. O my blessed Jesus, make me a faithful steward, so that I may meet thee with joy when thou shalt appear! Oh the enrapturing thought of beholding thy dear person, seeing thy benignant smile, and hearing thee say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!' O my almighty, sympathizing High Priest, increase my faith, and strengthen me faithfully to discharge my duties, and support the awful responsibility thou hast placed me under! Glory, glory to the Triune God, I do not fear the ordeal of judgment; for my Saviour, whose I am, shall be my Judge."

His views on preaching, to which he sought to bring his own ministry into conformity, will reveal much of the secret of his power. In reference to special sermons which he preached in Cork, Sunday, March 31st, 1844, he writes: "I used much prayer for both services, and God did bless His word to the souls of the people. I never felt more at home in my work than in both services. I endeavoured to be as plain, practical, and pointed in both sermons as I could. This kind of preaching the spiritual part of every congregation loves; and though the unconverted may not like it, their conscience tells them it is right. Nothing gives more unction and

power to a discourse than frequent and apposite quotations of Scripture. Those who may resist my arguments cannot close their eyes and their consciences against God's truth in His own words. Sincere Christians, who want their minds enlightened and their faith strengthened, will receive more light and strength from the clear exposition and pointed application of Scripture, than from the most lucid and most cogent reasoning of man. When a preacher can bear down on his hearers' hearts with an unequivocal 'Thus saith the Lord,' they look on him as the ambassador of God, and receive his message as from heaven; whereas if he puts forth merely his own speculations and arguments, he appears to come on his own authority, and consequently has but little sway over their hearts. Several persons who have heard George Robinson [father of the late Wade Robinson, of Brighton], tell me that the chief power of his ministry consisted in pointed and accurate quotations of Scripture. He came as a messenger from the Ruler and Judge of all the earth. He spoke and expounded the words of God, and their weight was felt. Often sinners, and even Christians, trembled on their seats while this able minister unfolded the awful volume of truth, and applied it with clearness and power to their hearts. Oh that I were more a man of one book! Lord, give me a greater love for thy Word! May I myself feel its power, and may thy Spirit teach me to apply it to the hearts of my hearers!"

Riding home from the country, he says: "I endeavoured to prepare a sermon from John xiv. 1, and succeeded pretty well. I believe the mind may be disciplined to think closely, almost at any time and in any

place, and to think so systematically that the memory will retain and give forth the thoughts afterwards in a connected train. I felt it so, in a measure, this evening. Being weak in body, I was compelled to preach in a calm, conversational style, and could recall without much difficulty my previous cogitations. This mode of preparation and preaching has many great advantages. God, I trust, blessed the word spoken to all."

The want of spiritual power in many of the ministers whom he met at this time forced itself on his attention. He remarks on a meeting of Christians which he attended in company with four ministers of note: "Through bodily debility I declined speaking. The meeting was opened and concluded by singing and prayer. The speeches were appropriate and clever. Dr. D—— I thought was too witty, and Dr. U—— too cold and intellectual. If there had been more piety in the speeches they would have pleased me better, but on the whole they were rather evangelical, and calculated to promote union among Christians."

As the servant of the Lord John Graham was desirous to convey only his Master's message, as well as to deliver it with effect. In reference to a service at the Cove of Kinsale, he says: "I prayed for divine direction what to preach and how to preach. I felt my own exceeding inability, and strove to cast my burden on the Lord. I had chosen as my text Luke xi. 10, but circumstances and conviction directed my choice from it to Heb. xiii. 20, 21. After I had entered into the discourse, God gave me great liberty and power, and I trust the word had effect. After I returned to my room, God gave me the spirit of wrestling prayer, and I trust signs and

wonders will be done in sinners being brought to the Lord through the name and power of Jesus. Amen."

Of his mode of dealing with souls a few extracts may not be out of place. "I see from experience that if I would do good to the people I must be close and searching in questioning them about the state of their hearts before God. They complain of spiritual maladies, and an effectual cure cannot be applied until the disease is known. They cannot receive the joys of the Spirit until they give up their idols, and the idols must be searched out and be shown to be such. I find when in close communion with God the people will bear with searching dealing without offence. All my duty is easy and pleasant when I am in the Spirit. Without the Spirit I feel myself to be a burden and the most good-for-nothing reptile in all the creation."

March 6th, 1844, he writes: "Rose earlier this morning than usual, and thereby had longer time for prayer and reading the Scriptures before entering on the business of the day. After breakfast rode out to Ballymartle to preach. On the way I met H. B——, with whose soul I endeavoured to deal faithfully. After parting with him Jesus graciously revealed Himself to my own soul, and melted it into sweet penitence and joy by a sight of its own nothingness and of His unmerited love. I went on to my appointment weeping and rejoicing. I was enabled in faith to commit the meeting into God's hand, depending not on my speaking, but on the power of His Spirit for success. And surely He is a faithful God, who will not let any who trust in Him be confounded. The word had effect. God was manifestly present to convince, melt, and comfort."

Soon after, on a Lord's-day, he writes: "Had a near approach to God in my morning prayer in the closet, and felt a good deal of liberty and power vouchsafed me in the morning service. I endeavoured faithfully to reprove brother B—— for indulging the flesh too much in staying from the means of grace, when by a little personal inconvenience he might attend. I fear my reproof was not meek enough; but I could appeal to God that it was sincere. It was calmly received, and I hope God will give it effect."

Soon after he writes: "I visited Mr. S——, who, as far as I can learn, has not been to a house of worship for about thirty years. In his youth he was educated for the Established Church, but his depravity breaking out he abandoned the idea of entering it. He has a large family by a papist servant, who, of course, strove to bring up the children in her own creed; but by the divine blessing on the labours of W. H——, one of our members, the elder children have begun to read the Bible, and have renounced Roman Catholicism. They are now attending our meetings, and will, I trust, soon come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

"This is the second time I have visited, read, and prayed with this old gentleman. He receives me with great civility. What a miracle of mercy if this brand should be plucked from the burning!

"I next visited and warned, as faithfully as I could, E. F——, who flagrantly keeps his shop open on the Lord's day, employing his children as well as himself in selling spirits and groceries. I pressed his conscience with God's command, and he confessed himself guilty, but said he could not support his family without the

Sunday dealing. I then pressed him with his guilty unbelief of God's promise, Matt. vi. 33. Here he was without any shelter. To alarm his fears, I told him a case in point which came under my own notice. Mr. Mann, of Dundrum, near Dublin, was habitually guilty of a similar breach of the sanctity of the Lord's-day. All warning was of no avail. One Sunday I thought I would give him a last admonition. I went to his house, but could not see him. A few days afterwards a neighbour of his met me in Dublin, and said: 'Was not that an awful occurrence in our village?' 'What was it?' 'Mr. M—— suddenly dropped dead in his parlour.'

"I pointed out to Mr. F—— that this might be the case with himself by-and-by; at all events, that he must once die, and then meet God. I urged him to give me a decided promise that he would renounce this his sin, but he would not. May God touch his rebellious heart.

"I next visited J. S——, who has lately left the Church of Rome, and is greatly persecuted by his neighbours. I hope he will be stedfast. I showed him the necessity of renouncing sin, and believing on Christ with a living faith."

A few pages on, his journal contains the following record: "I visited Rev. J. C——, rector of R—— parish. He is a profane, worldly-minded man. . . . He allows me to preach in his parish school-house because he thinks it would please some of his parishioners. I read and spoke and prayed with him. He and his eldest daughter, Mrs. M——, desired me to call again. When I get an opportunity I must discharge my soul by giving him a faithful warning in the name of the Lord. Oh

that I may be upheld in this and every duty by grace divine!"

One of my brother's special gifts was, in whatever company he might be, to give a profitable direction to the conversation. Yet, to utilize his gift, even in this way, he felt his need of wisdom and power from on high. But here again we will let him speak for himself. "February 27th, 1844. In the early part of this day I enjoyed a good degree of close and filial communion with God. While looking at the efficacy of the atonement, the energy of the Spirit, and the infinity of divine love, I felt as if sinners must be converted. Oh that I could look continually at these, and cease beholding my own weakness, and the desperate depravity of sinners! In the evening I preached to a deeply-attentive congregation in Cove from John i. 3, and felt some liberty and power; but not all I might have felt had I been more circumspect and serious in my conversation at dinner, and had I had more time for private prayer before preaching. I find that I cannot conduct a conversation with profit to myself and others, except I go into company having my object prescribed, and the means to attain it digested in my mind. When I do this I find it easy to bend the minds of others to my object, and press their remarks into my service; but when I leave the improvement of the time to random remarks the conversation degenerates into trifling, censoriousness, &c., to the detriment of my spirituality as a Christian, and influence as a preacher. I must prescribe my object, and use prayer before entering into company, if I would be useful. Lord, assist my utter inadequacy for my great work!"

Soon after, at the same place, he was enabled to pen the following sentence: "Spent the latter part of this day at Mr. D——'s, in Cove. God enabled me in a great measure to maintain a watchful spirit, and to conduct the conversation profitably."

It is not to be supposed that one so devoted to God, and so earnestly bent on the salvation of souls, as the subject of this memoir was, would be permitted by Satan and his emissaries to go on in his work undisturbed. Among the coastguards, at the Old Head of Kinsale, an important movement began through his preaching. To mar this work Satan transformed himself into an angel of light, and employed as his ministers two High Church clergymen. He seemed for a time to triumph; but in answer to prayer God soon defeated his designs. The following is a brief account written to me at the time. The allusion in the first sentence is to a controversy which I had with a ritualistic clergyman through the press:—

"I am glad you are now out of the controversial arena. I believe you gained an unsullied victory, and fought with upright motives. But peace is always more congenial than war to the growth of the Christian graces. My spirit was a little ruffled lately by the conduct of two clergymen near the Old Head of Kinsale. They influenced the officer of coastguards to shut against me the door of his watch-house, where I used to preach to the coastguards, and some other neglected Protestants. In the meantime, while Satan was barring the door, God opened the door and heart of a respectable man near the place. And when I last visited the Old Head I preached in his large, well-furnished, and well-warmed parlour, to

a numerous and attentive congregation; and what is best of all, God was with us. The two 'apostolic-succession' gentlemen completely defeated their purpose, and showed their unhallowed and exclusive spirit to the people." At a subsequent date he makes the following entry in his journal:—

"From Sandy Cove I rode to the Old Head, where I met another scene of sorrow, though of a different kind." (He had been visiting parents whose son had just been lost at sea in a storm.) "Several coastguards and their friends used to come and hear me preach, and a great moral reformation has been wrought among them. Some, I trust, through faith in Christ, have been brought to a knowledge of salvation. But their officer, Mr. T——, through the influence and misrepresentations of the neighbouring clergy, has become a violent calumniator and persecutor. By means of his indirect threats most of the men and their families are intimidated from attending preaching. I visited them, and received their hearty blessings. Some wept. Others said, 'It was too hard that they should be kept from hearing God's word in a free country.' Oh that God may change this persecutor's heart, and open up some way for these poor destitute people to hear the pure word of life! I visited him, and desired to come to an explanation, and show him that it was not my intention to draw the people from the Established Church, but to teach them the truth, and bring them to Christ. He, however, said he would hear no explanation, and so he ran out, leaving me sitting in his parlour alone. I was enabled 'in patience to possess my soul,' and to pray for the man who despitefully used and persecuted me. How blind and pernicious

is party spirit! This man would rather let the people attend the dance or ale-house than come to hear me preach Jesus crucified. May God forgive him; for he knows not what he does."

His next allusion to the Old Head is: "God, I trust, is utterly defeating the designs of our opposer in this place. Many of the people attended and heard the Word with deep attention. Surely the Lord has answered prayer."

On his next visit one young woman professed conversion to God, and "others were awakened and seeking." "God," he writes, "is opening a way to preach the Word among them through all opposition of devils and men. For this, my God, I bless and thank thee; but, O my Father, for Jesus' sake, send thy Spirit to quicken the Word, and make it bring forth fruit!"

His intense desire for the salvation of souls was not restricted to those in his own sphere of labour. While taking my place in Cork, when I was absent for some weeks on business, he remarked: "All here is pretty straight and fair. But there is not close enough living to God to insure a revival. I am not living close enough to God myself as regards private prayer. . . . . Our meetings are solemn, deeply solemn, and regarded as very good by the people; but a little good is great good with most of them; their slight expectations are easily satisfied. I would rather hear them complain of the shallowness of faith and feeling we are afflicted with. I hope your mind is kept in perfect peace. It will be a pleasing reflection to you when you return that you have been diffusing the savour of the knowledge of God in some degree wherever you have been in your journey.

There is earnest prayer offered up here daily for you, and I trust you remember us when it is well with you."

He made at this period great progress in the knowledge of truth. He had his yearly course of reading, chiefly theological, in which to be examined. But what was specially valuable, both for his spiritual growth and future ministry, was his constant prayerful study of the word of God. On this subject a few extracts from his journal may not be unacceptable.

"March 16th, 1844. Spent the day in preparing a sermon from Psalm ix. 10, and reading at intervals the Bible and Bishop Wilson's Life. This is an instructive and well-written book. . . . There is one error I find I am woefully prone to fall into—wanting to read too much. By attempting to read all the good books sent me by friends, my attention is distracted, and I have not proper time to digest them all. Besides, my probationary course, which I must know, is thus neglected, and my mind consequently rendered uneasy. Moreover, the books in my course are the very best I could read. I am too eager for knowledge, and unwilling to let any book pass without knowing its contents. In future, when books are sent me by friends, I must content myself with noting their title, subject, and perhaps reading some particular chapter, and then returning them to their owners till some convenient season."

"Thursday, 21st. Spent this day in my room, reading and writing. I could ask the blessing of God on my labours. For future usefulness it is my bounden duty to cultivate my mind by rigid discipline, and by laying in a stock of useful knowledge. But still I see there is great danger of the heart sinking into drowsiness and

sleep, while the understanding is employed about the things of God. And when this is so knowledge cannot profit either myself or others. Theological knowledge, without lively religious affections, is dead stock. Besides, if a man does not make advances in love as well as knowledge, there is great fear of his falling into that Laodicean pride which says, 'I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing.' 'Knowledge puffeth up; love edifieth.' Knowledge is only useful as it fits a preacher for the more effectual winning of souls. I find that a thirst for knowing much would lead me to neglect the discharge of other absolutely important duties, such as visiting the people from house to house, and private prayer. And when I neglect these my soul is dry, and my public discourses dead, no matter how replete with knowledge, or how well arranged. O my God, all I am and have are thine! grant that I may be a faithful steward, so employing my time and talents as shall most conduce to thy glory in the salvation of souls! Amen."

25th. After a season of conflict and victory he writes: "God in mercy has since stood by me and spoken unutterable peace to my soul while reading on my knees Isa. xxv. xxvi. I prayed for the Spirit to direct me to some suitable portion. This was the first I opened on, and it proved as appropriate and powerful as if sent direct from heaven."

"29th. Finished reading the life of Bishop Wilson. Perusing the life of this devoted primitive bishop has done me, I hope, both intellectual and moral good. I must read no more books out of my course till the year ends. I have suffered much by being too desultory in my range of reading this year."

With one other extract we close the record of his soul-winning ministry, and of his prayerful and holy life, in Kinsale.

"Sunday, 28th April. Preached A.M. from Rev. xiv. 13; P.M. from Luke xii. 20. I enjoyed a good degree of God's presence during the day, and God made His word quick and powerful in the evening. At night, after retiring to my room, I was greatly helped in my meditations and devotions by reading part of that soul-stirring book, *The Saint's Rest.* One sentence especially dissolved my heart in gratitude: 'He might have suffered thee to have consumed thy days in ignorance without the knowledge of Christ; but He hath opened thine eyes in the morning of thy days, and acquainted thee betimes with the business of life.' O my heavenly Father, how great was thy mercy in calling me to seek thy face at an early period of life! What a monster of iniquity would I now be only for thy saving grace! How many sins would have been committed, how many souls would have been injured by me only for thy grace preventing me! Oh, may this reflection work its due effect in my heart! and may I now be diligent to make proof of my gratitude by devoting every moment to thee! Amen."

CHAPTER IV.

LABOURS IN CORK AND BELFAST.

IT was to my brother John and myself a mutual joy and cause of thankfulness when, in July, 1844, we found ourselves fellow-labourers in the French Church in Cork. Here his sphere was much larger than it had been in Kinsale, and God graciously prepared him for occupying it with effect. "Strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus" he entered on his labours. He brought with him the resolution to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

As his character and work were well known before coming, his chief danger in Cork arose from his popularity. His genial and kindly spirit, his instructive conversation, and his manifest desire for the highest good of all with whom he came in contact, made him a favourite with all the people.

His style of preaching was very attractive. While it was earnest and searching, it was also clear and forcible. His love of nature, his deep sympathy, his cultivated imagination, and, for his years, his extensive reading and his knowledge of Scripture, both as to its spirit and letter, gave to his style richness and variety. It was perhaps

somewhat too florid ; but this persons of education and taste could easily pardon, and with others it passed as an excellence. He abounded then, as in all subsequent periods of his ministry, in appropriate illustration. This both fixed the attention and helped the understanding of his hearers, and fastened the truth in their memory. But that which surpassed all else in his ministry, and which made every thing else effective, was the unction of the Holy Spirit, which was its special characteristic.

While most of those brought to the Lord by his ministry in Cork preceded him into the bliss of Christ's presence, some remain to the present day, witnessing and working for the Lord Jesus. His converts seemed to imbibe his own spirit, and from the moment of their new birth to bear the stamp of a superior devotedness. Not only in the city itself, but in regions beyond, was felt the influence of his life and ministry.

In relation to his appointment he writes: "I have endeavoured earnestly, perseveringly, and disinterestedly to pray that my appointment for the coming year might be directed of God. The Conference have appointed me to labour with my brother in Cork, and I do believe it is from the Lord."

The spirit in which he entered on his labours will appear from the following entries in his journal. Speaking of the state of the people, he says: "There are but a few who have any simple faith and jealousy for God's honour in the salvation of men. The mass, the majority of which was once pious, is sunk down into a state of lukewarmness and spiritual apathy. If they continue thus, I believe that God would soon remove their candlestick out of its place.

"How then are these evils to be remedied? By a revival of genuine piety in the hearts of the old professors, and by the conversion of the young who are growing up in sin. How then is this to be brought about? and how can I be instrumental in it? 1. The preachers must be holy before God, and have the fire of His love burning in their hearts, or else He will not work by them. I purpose, in the strength of divine grace (and I believe Charles has so purposed also), to live in close communion with God, and to spend a portion of my time daily in intercessory prayer for the revival of true religion in the officers and members. 2. To stimulate and encourage them by precept and example to holiness and usefulness. 3. To search the Scriptures with study and prayer, and apply their most convincing, moving, strengthening truths to my own heart, and then bring them before the people in public with all the affection, plainness, and power that God enables me.

"I have no doubt but God will bless His own appointed means when used for His glory, and in entire dependence on the influence of His Spirit. It must be so; for 'faithful is He that hath promised.' But here, O my God, I would confess before thee the deceitfulness, corruption, and weakness of my heart, which has deceived me so often before, and would do so still. Oh, support me by thy Spirit's power in the inner man! Destroy my pride and self-sufficiency, and keep me hanging on thine omnipotent power by faith. While I put my hand to thy work may my motives be pure as refined gold, such as thy holy eye can approve. Amen and Amen."

At the close of his first month's labour he writes: "July 31st. Blessed be my great Preserver, my health continues to improve, so that I am able with ease to go through my duties. Oh for a calm and prudent zeal! God has enabled me in a good degree to keep up to the resolutions in my last entry. But, O my God, I deplore the wanderings of my heart from thee! Oh, bind it for ever to the cross by the strong chain of redeeming love! Oh for a clearer sight of this unsearchable, unutterable love! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the dim sights of it thou hast! It is marvellous how God can reveal Himself as He does to such a polluted worm. I often have sweet melting views of His paternal tenderness and love, and of the rich fulness that is treasured up in Christ. Oh that I could sanctify the Lord God in my heart, that I might have worthy conceptions of His majesty, power, and love! This is one of my sweetest prospects in heaven, that I shall there be divested of all low, dishonouring conceptions of Jehovah, that I shall think of Him, love Him, and praise Him aright; oh for a sanctified heart! Then my heaven would commence on earth. This evening at the public prayer-meeting we had most blessed tokens of the presence and power of a risen Saviour. God directed me, and enabled me to speak to the edification of His people on the advocacy of Jesus and the promise of the Father. (John xiv.) The hearts of two or three of the leaders, blessed be God, are alive, and they prayed in the Spirit. O blessed Jesus, keep me humble, hidden in thy bleeding side that, my pride or selfishness may not mar thy work! And, oh, give me Jacob-like wrestling power!

"August 16th. It was proposed that this day should

be specially set apart for fasting and prayer. The former I attended to, but was prevented from much prayer during the day. At the prayer-meeting, however, in the evening, and at private prayer on retiring to my room, I was enabled to plead for an outpouring of the Spirit with some degree of fervency and nearness of access by faith; and I trust my prayer was from a pure motive to honour and save souls. Oh for more purity of motive and vigour of faith! I trust good shall be done in this city before the end of the year. God grant it.

"Sunday, August 18th. God gave me almost unexpected liberty, fervency, and power in speaking from Matthew v. 8: 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God,' especially in illustrating and enforcing the last head; that is, that none but the pure in heart could see the excellence of God's moral character now, nor could enjoy Him in heaven. I believe the Spirit blessed this truth to the enlightening and convincing of some present. W. M——, when called on to pray at the after-meeting, declined, I believe through self-condemnation. Another followed me out, and pressingly requested that the discourse should be published. I could scarcely dissuade him by showing him that it was not the intrinsic force of the thoughts, but the application of them by the Spirit, which gave them any power on the hearts of the people. Oh that I had more power with God in prayer! then I would have more power in convincing, persuading, and edifying from His word. O my God, sprinkle clean water upon me, and give me that purity of heart which I enforce on the people!"

He closes this entry by remarking: "I heard this day a very evangelical, pointed, useful discourse from Dr.

Dill on Psalm lxvii. 1, 2. It rejoiced my heart to see that Christ has such a minister in these degenerate, temporizing days." Dr. Edward Dill was a highly intelligent, devoted Presbyterian minister. My brother and I numbered him among our chief ministerial friends. After serving his generation he fell asleep.

In June, 1845, my dear brother and I were obliged to separate. I remained in Cork, but he was transferred to Belfast. There, in the large new chapel in Donegal Place, for two years he exercised a ministry of which we have now to speak.

In Belfast he received from the Lord the greatest of all his earthly blessings, in that helpmate who for thirty-three years shared all his joys and sorrows, and strengthened him by her sympathy and counsel.

It was natural that before he entered upon his labours in his new sphere he should pay a visit to his parents. He more especially desired to see his mother, whose health was then fast breaking. July 4th he wrote to me from Omagh: "As I know you are anxious to hear from your friends in the North, I take this leisure moment to transmit you a line. I arrived in Omagh on Saturday evening safe and well, thank God. The only thing which saddened our joyful greetings was my mother's illness. She has been confined to bed for some days, and has been very poorly with difficult breathing. However, she is to-day much better, and her spirits are a good deal cheered by seeing me, and hearing good news, as she says, from her Joseph. Her confidence in God is strong, her submission implicit, and her zeal increasing. If the Lord now calls her home it will be a glorious change.

"I went out yesterday to see my father, who received

me gladly. I preached in town yesterday evening to a crowded room, from John ii. 17. The Lord gave me a good degree of liberty and power; and I hope good was done. We spent the remaining part of the evening in reading, singing, conversation, and prayer, and I have reason to believe that my mother was much comforted and blessed."

The last illness of our beloved mother continued four months. The furnace was hot and searching; but the Son of God walked with her through it. In one of her severest paroxysms she was heard thanking God that her son Charles was not suffering what she endured. "Her pain was so great as often to deprive her of memory and reason. Not a few, therefore, of her children and friends were led to pray that, if it were her heavenly Father's will, He might smooth her pathway to the tomb, and spare her the use of her reason to the last. And surely their prayers were remarkably answered. On the day before her departure, the Lord's-day, her pains suddenly forsook her, and her mind was perfectly collected and calm. The consolations of God flowed like a river in her soul, and 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus.' At night, when the family were about to collect around the domestic altar in praise and prayer, she desired that they would sing and pray in her room. This was her last act of social worship on earth. The next circle of worshippers, with whom she was to mingle, were to be bright ranks of the blood-washed around the throne.

"Next morning her son-in-law (in whose house she now was, in order to be near her doctor) came in at an early hour, and took an affectionate leave of her. Soon

after brother Andrew went into her room and asked her, Would she wish him to remain with her that day? 'No,' she quite composedly replied, 'my dear, you may go.' In a few minutes after, with the utmost composure, she stretched herself on the bed and closed her eyes, and her spirit took its triumphant flight from the troubled shores of time, to its everlasting home in the bosom of that God, whose love had been her life, whose glory had been her aim, and whose word had been her rule in her pilgrimage. Surely those who knew her 'work of faith and labour of love' during life, and who at last

> "'Beheld in death her eyelids close
> Calmly as to a night's repose,
> Like flowers at set of sun,'

can say that seldom has Scripture been more fitly applied than the text of her funeral sermon, preached by Mr. Thompson: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.' (Rev. xiv. 13.)"

As I was ill, and at the other end of the kingdom, I had not the mournful gratification of hearing her last words, nor of being present at her funeral. September 15th, my brother wrote to me: "I would have written to you yesterday, only I really could not from the state of my mind and other causes. At half-past nine o'clock, yesterday morning, we laid my dear mother's remains in their last resting-place, in Cappagh graveyard. It was a time of peculiar feelings to me—her past deep and tender affection—the awful change wrought in the dear clay. These and other thoughts dissolved my heart, but still I rejoiced 'with joy unspeakable' at the thought of what

she now enjoys, and shall for ever enjoy; and that I, and we all, shall soon be for ever with her and 'with the Lord.'

"The funeral was most numerously and respectably attended; and at the grave there were many honest tears shed by sorrowing friends. . . . The poor were there, and wept for their benefactress; her class-mates were there, and wept for their fellow-pilgrim, who had often rejoiced in their joys and wept with their sorrows; her sons were there, and wept for a mother who had not only loved them with all the tenderness of the most tender mother's heart, but who had also wept for their sins, and prayed long and fervently, and, thank God, not unsuccessfully, for their salvation. I believe I can adopt, with as much truth as ever a son did, the lines of Mrs. Sigourney—

> "'And if I e'er in heaven appear,
> A mother's earnest prayer,
> A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
> That pointed to a Saviour dear,
> Have led the wanderer there.'

"My poor afflicted father, Andrew, and I went home together from the church. But how chilling the appearance of the house without my mother! The bright light that made everything cheerful and happy there, is set in the grave, or rather is risen in a more congenial clime." He elsewhere says: "Her life was holy and her end was peace. She had faults; but her excellencies shone over her whole character with such lustre that strangers could not see her faults, and intimates cared not to see them. She is, on the whole, fairly portrayed in her *Memoir** by her son Charles. Many an eye has moistened as it

* This *Memoir* has been long out of print.

looked on the tomb where her body lies, in the lovely rural retreat of Cappagh churchyard."

It is a question if there was one excellency in his mother's character that was not reproduced in his own. His great admiration of those excellencies led to the imitation of them. He composed some simple, touching lines on her death, a few of which I subjoin:

"When wayward passion's hour
Drew me from virtue's way,
Morn, noon, and midnight hour,
Beheld thee weep and pray.

"When grace my feet did turn
To seek the heavenly rest,
What joy, what hope did burn
In thy maternal breast!

"When, to proclaim the cross
I left thy fostering care;
For me, for Jesus' cause,
Was breathed the ceaseless prayer.

"And when thy sinking frame
With mortal pain was torn,
Thy love still breathed the same—
'Lord, keep my youngest-born.'

"Methinks I hear thy word
At our last parting scene—
'My child, I give thee to the Lord;
He grace hath given, will grace afford,
Farewell, we'll meet again.'"

They have met. Her Benjamin—the name she loved to call him by—has been restored to her, and joyful has been the meeting. Both lived to exactly the same age.

His mother's death, the remembrance of her prayers, but more especially the answer of them, her consecrated and beautiful life, told powerfully on my brother's

ministry in Belfast. God used him also as the instrument of the salvation of some of his dearest earthly relatives. Of one he writes, Feb. 21st, 1846:

"Last night, in our prayer-meeting, A—— was made so happy in a sense of God's favour through Christ, that she could scarcely sleep during the night. I have seen her to-day; she is worn down with previous grief and sorrow. Hallelujah! We are rising here."

He was able to say at this time, "My health is good, and the Lord still saves and blesses me. Blessed be His grace for ever and ever! I have been reading *The Great Teacher* with not a little profit. My time for increasing my intellectual stores is very limited, and still worse, is not improved to the utmost."

Just before going to Belfast he could say, "I never was more determined to be spiritual in all things than now. God, I am sure, will never use any man in His service except an eminently spiritual, holy, Christlike man." How fully this resolution was carried out in his history and ministry in Belfast will appear by some extracts from his letters. Sept. 22nd, 1845, he writes of good being done, and of isolated conversions, but adds, "We have not yet the mighty rushing wind. God, I think, is giving me clearer views of truth, and showing me more of my extreme nothingness; but I want more of that melting compassion and love for souls that kindled in the bosom of the Great Exemplar."

October 13th he writes: "I have just this moment finished reading the *Life of the Rev. Murray McCheyne*, Presbyterian minister of Dundee. To quicken my dead heart I read it, and it has not altogether failed. I sink into nothing before such a holy man and devoted

minister as McCheyne. He was the spiritual father of hundreds, though cut down by typhus fever before his twenty-ninth year. It was by deep, deep, deep personal holiness; by making the mercy-seat his home; by hiding Bible truth in his own soul, and breathing it out in the power of the Spirit upon his hearers, that he achieved so much. Oh, when shall I believe and act on what the Bible and experience teach—that it is only by the power of God, the sword of the Spirit, and the armour of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left, that the garrisons of Satan can be stormed, and the foes of God put to flight? I do assure you I abhor myself in dust and ashes when I think how much I might have done by prayer and holiness of life had I been wise toward God. I have been, in a great measure, going to fight with merely natural weapons; and I fear that most ministers and preachers—a few excepted—are doing the same. The gospel must be preached in Christ's own Spirit, or it will not be the terribly keen, two-edged sword spoken of by Paul in Heb. iv. 12. The letters, sermons, and poetry at the end of the above volume are like a shower of dew from the tree of life."

From all circumstances my dear brother looked away to God. Second causes were no veil to hide from him the great First Cause. Nov. 6th he writes: "I am at present confined to the house with a sprained foot. However, it is not very bad, and I hope I shall soon be able to be out again. I believe and *see* that God permitted it for good. I am glad to know that you are labouring for Christian union in Cork. May God unite His people in the bonds of love!"

The present Dr. James Griffin, then Mr. Griffin, was

his fellow-labourer in Belfast. On the 14th he writes: "There was an anxious soul, a fine, steady young woman, made happy a few minutes ago in brother Griffin's parlour. Blessed be God!" A few days after he wrote asking prayer for revival services about to be held. He says: "I purpose, by divine grace, throwing myself body and spirit into the work."

The following letter to one asking advice will show that he was, to souls in darkness and perplexity, a wise and faithful counsellor:

"Nov. 29th, 1845.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—

"I feel a good deal for your situation. But can you not get to the bottom of that gracious precept and blessed promise of your Father in Phil. iv. 6, 7? I can only venture, on account of my own inexperience and want of discernment, to give you the following advice: Get into deeper communion with God, and having received the 'eye-salve' (Rev. iii. 18), the 'unction from the holy One' (1 John ii. 20), you will, I doubt not, clearly see the will of God concerning you. . . . . I think you do well to cultivate great sensibility of conscience in reference to offending your brethren. . . . . God still continues to bless me in body and soul. My foot, though a little weak, is nearly well, and is no obstruction to the performance of my regular duties. There are some souls here being brought into the fold of the good Shepherd who bought them with His blood. . . . . Are you sinking deeper into the mind of Christ? Oh that God would fill us with the holy, loving, self-denying Spirit of His dear Son!"

Dec. 5th he wrote me a letter full of joy in the pros-

pect of increased Christian union in his town, from a large and influential meeting just held for its promotion. But God was pouring other joy into his cup also. Of two nieces whom he greatly loved he says: "After I came home A—— and L—— came to see me; A—— rejoicing in God; L—— in floods of penitential tears, as she had been for nights and days past. She did not fully see God's love to souls, and the plan of free acceptance through the cross. I read to her passage after passage, and reasoned with her from such texts as John iii. 14–17. Light began to dawn, and after prayer, as she was going home, 'the Sun of Righteousness' rose upon her 'with healing in His wings.' She is now all deep composure and confidence." This niece has passed home to the presence of the Lord. He adds, "I afterwards went out to see some anxious persons before meeting. In one house two, who were made happy a few days past, were 'rejoicing with joy unspeakable,' and two others were mourning with the deepest sorrow. I used the same plan with them as I did with L——, and while I engaged in prayer the deepest mourner was filled with love and glory. Several have been blessed, and others still are on the way to blessing. God, as you see, has not let us wait for the 'series of revival services' before good is done. Our prayer-meeting to-night was large and deep-toned. I think the work is very genuine. I go to-morrow to Lisburn to preach missionary sermons. The Lord will yet make us, I trust, somewhat useful. I see nothing can fit me for it but deep communion, single aim, and unfeigned humility. The Lord bless you and make you a blessing, my dear Charles, is the prayer of your ever affectionate brother, JOHN."

"The series of revival services" were very much owned of God, both in the conversion of sinners and in the building up of saints.

His mind was at this time much exercised on the subject of Church order and Church government. He was arriving at the end of his probation, and wished, if it were practicable, for another year, that, by reading, reflection, and prayer, he might get light on the question. But as God was saving souls by his ministry, to his ministry he bent all his energies.

In April he writes of conversions; in June of great numerical and financial prosperity, and of his renewed solemn dedication of himself to God and His service. But, as in former days, "the sword was too sharp for the scabbard," and he was obliged in order to recruit his strength to withdraw from his labours for a season. For this purpose, in July, he retired to Bangor, which he describes as "a really delightful spot, in a beautiful recess, commanding a grand marine view." He writes: "I have some sweet communion with God. Without this I find everything to be 'a broken cistern.' Surely God is 'the fountain of living water.' What depth there is in that appellation!"

The following month, on the eve of his marriage, in which his subsequent history proved he was led of the Lord, he writes: "I think I never did any act of my life with purer motives for God's glory and my own soul's good." In the October following he writes: "Thank God, I am as happy in my domestic sphere as I believe I could possibly be without more of His love."

The year 1847 was a year of clouds and thick darkness to Ireland. In that year, through the potatoe blight, the

famine commenced which swept, either into eternity or into other lands, about two millions of the inhabitants; but by many the light of a gracious providence was seen shining through that darkness. The spirit of discontent and rebellion was wide-spread through the land, and that famine prevented the effusion of a sea of blood. The agrarian murders of the following year, with the necessity of a special commission to try murderers and their accomplices, and the rebellion incited in the following year by Mitchell, Thomas Francis Meagher, and Smith O'Brien, though happily nipped in the bud, fully justify the apprehensions which many then entertained.

As early in 1847 scarcity of food was feared, many respectable families prepared for the contingency. On January 4th, in his usual playful way, my brother wrote to me: "I suppose you are laying in treasures of literature and theology. I laid in this day 112 lbs. of flour, and the same quantum of rice, and I purpose storing some wheaten meal; this is my learning." But in addition to this he had read Foster on *Decision of Character*. Of this essay he remarks: "In strong dignified style, and in original and spirit-stirring thought, it transcends anything I have seen on such a subject." He still was "making a little poetry." But what specially rejoiced his spirit was the crowds which came to hear the word of life, and the blessing which rested on his ministry.

A wondrous manifestation of the power and grace of God at this period, in our own circle, filled both my brother and myself with inexpressible joy. Our Uncle Jarvey had for a great part of his life been a confirmed

infidel. When a young officer in garrison in Omagh, his faith in Christianity was shaken through the inconsistency and dishonesty of a clergyman who was accustomed to invite his brother officers and himself to his house, and empty their pockets at cards.

My brother had been often shocked with "his rancorous opposition to the religion of Jesus, and blasphemous sneers against everything holy." He says, "Anything more like the image of the devil, manifest in his spirit and conduct, so far as I know, I never saw."

We placed before him the evidences of Christianity which satisfied ourselves, and which involved the condemnation of all which he objected to in the life of its professors.

In the goodness of God we had reason to believe our labour was not in vain. When he came to a sick-bed his infidelity forsook him, and in penitence and prayer he turned to the Lord. Some of his last words in a letter to me, dictated by him to his son-in-law, were, that through the blood of that blessed Redeemer, whom he had so long rejected, and so often blasphemed, he hoped that even he would appear before God washed and accepted. From my brother's letter to me on the subject, dated Belfast, February 18th, 1847, I give a few sentences.

"Before I received from John McKeon's letter the account of Uncle Jarvey's happy death I had heard of it from Ann and Lizzy. It was one of the most unparalleled miracles of mercy of which I ever heard or read.

"James Jarvey is only one out of millions of the darkest sinners who have washed their robes and made

them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who shall adorn the diadem of Christ in the day of His glory."

With other true ministers of Christ, at the period in question, my brother felt deeply for the poor. In the close of the letter just quoted he says: "I am nearly labouring altogether among the poor; and although I am not very rich, I distribute a good deal of alms, as some of my rich friends commit to my distribution part of their abundance. God graciously supplies my own wants, and gives me every needed comfort."

March 15th he writes: "Numbers are dying round us, and I feel constrained to strive to save some, 'pulling them out of the fire.' I could write you some most appalling things, and others most gladdening, but the day of eternity will reveal all, and that day is at hand. I never feel so happy as in striving to save the sick and the poor. I feel as if they were peculiarly my charge. Nothing will do but right plain earnest dealing with them, and pleading with God. This evening, while showing a poor and apparently dying woman God's yearning love to her soul and His readiness to save her, she broke out in praise that 'now she felt it in her heart.' Often good is done when we do not see the immediate effect. A most interesting young woman was made unspeakably happy in God at our prayer meeting last Friday evening, and we knew it not till, last Sunday morning, she came and declared it in my class. We have some droppings of a shower. Oh that the Lord may pour down floods of spiritual blessings! I think God is reviving His work in my own heart. I feel it very profitable to tell Matilda my experience often, and to enquire into hers; it tends to watchfulness, solemnity, and prayer."

Like himself, I was then much engaged in ministering to the poor. From Antrim he writes:

"April 15th, 1847.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I am glad to hear that you are so busily and usefully engaged. 'Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.' Such labours add to a man's moral influence in a locality. I was last week in Armagh for two or three days, and met W. Skuse. We had a good time at a public tea meeting; and after preaching on the following evening we had a blessed meeting, and two distressed souls professed to find rest and peace in Jesus. I went desiring to see good, and God condescended to use me in some degree for His glory. . . . . Matilda and I are now in Antrim with her sister spending two or three leisure days—days they are of great enjoyment to me. Mental relaxation, pure air, and country scenery, and agreeable friends, are, I suppose, 'the cream of all time's happiness.' . . . . I find scenery very elevating to my mind. After a little of it I return to duty with fresh tone and alacrity. *Caughey's Letters* give some of the most graphic and edifying descriptions of scenery which I have met. Have you read them? I am just in course of perusal, and I have profited not a little by them. He develops in them the secret of his great success in preaching.

"With love from Matilda to yourself and Anna,

"As ever, your affectionate brother,

"JOHN GRAHAM."

It pleased God at this time to bring me to the borderland, and cause me to look into eternity. In my labours among the poor I caught a dangerous fever. Three

doctors who attended me despaired of my life. I myself believed I was dying; but the thought of going to be "for ever with the Lord" gave me a happiness inexpressibly greater than I had ever before known. As to my family, I had the fullest confidence that the same gracious and faithful God who had taken care of me, and guided me through life, would also take care of them. It pleased God to raise me up again, and as John and I kept no secrets from each other, I wrote to him of the grace which sustained me when my feet seemed to touch the Jordan. In reply I received from him the letter from which I give the following extracts:

"May 11th, 1847.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"We felt grateful to God to learn from other sources that you were recovering, but doubly grateful to learn from your own hand that you are once more raised up to life and health. What a blessing to have peace and joy in prospect of eternity! An eternity of communion with God and all His saints is really overwhelmingly rapturous. Oh, how 'each earth-born joy grows vile or disappears' in the near and unclouded prospect of heaven! . . . I think your illness has been made a great blessing to many of the preachers by showing them the necessity of working while health remains. Poor Charles Reid has been very ill. The gospel he had preached, he says, supported his soul in the most trying hour.

"William Skuse has spent a week with us, and purposes leaving to-morrow. He was delighted to see your letter, and wishes you his warmest love. He is the very soul of good-nature, and his mind is richly fraught with

the 'ethereal fire.' He has preached several times: matter and spirit good, but arrangement much too careless.

"Fever is prevailing to a most alarming extent here, and some of the most influential of the gentry and merchants are dying of it. 'We stand in jeopardy every hour.'

"Your ever attached and affectionate brother,

JOHN GRAHAM."

He was now coming to the close of his second ecclesiastical year in Belfast, and, according to usage, expected to be transferred to a new field of labour. But though his appointment was in the hands of others, he had learned to commit his way unto the Lord. May 28th he says: "I cannot guess where my appointment may be next year, and, thanks be to God, I have so much faith in His wisdom and love as not to feel in the least degree anxious." Again, in another letter he says: "I am most thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that God will direct my appointment, as I have solemnly and repeatedly, and I hope disinterestedly, put my case into His hands."

Both his mental and physical labours at this period were great. He was the examiner of the young ministers on probation in his district in Watson's *Institutes*, Butler's *Analogy*, Watts' *Improvement of the Mind*, with the literary part of the examination. He might well say, "These things," and an annual missionary sermon in another church was among them, "in addition to my usual work of preparation, preaching, and visiting, come very heavy on me just now." But he adds, what greatly helped him in his work, "We have had for the last fortnight a blessed prayer meeting every morning at half-past six a.m." This prayer meeting he himself conducted.

CHAPTER V.

VARIED FIELDS.

MY brother's appointment, in July, 1847, was to a country station—"the Charlemont circuit." His residence was in the town of Moy, from which the village of Charlemont is divided by the Black Water river. His field of labour took in Dungannon, the ancient capital of the kings of Ulster. To a man whose absorbing object was to win souls to Christ this was a most desirable appointment; it gave him a sphere in which thousands would hear from his lips the words of eternal life.

From Belfast, July 12th, 1847, he writes: "I am quite content with my appointment, and take it as from God. I am in buoyant hope of a laboriously blessed year—a year of discipline and self-denial, just what I need. . . . To-morrow there is to be a public breakfast given to Matilda and myself, at which some present or presents are to be made. The kindness and regret of the people is quite overpowering."

His next letter is one of great length. I can only venture to give extracts. It is dated

"Moy, August 19th, 1847.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I hope you shall very soon have many infallible proofs that your appointment is of God. What you say about H. T—— grieves me somewhat on his own account. . . . I believe McF—— is an upright man. I am most sincerely thankful to God that I did not go up to the Conference, as what I have heard of duplicity, and underhand working, and selfishness, and hypocrisy, would have been perhaps too much for my weak grace to bear. A text that dwelt with consoling effect on my mind before Conference was Proverbs xvi. 33: 'The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.'"

In explanation of what he says of the Conference I would remark that most of the leading men in that body were men of God, who were deeply distressed at the spirit manifested by some of their brethren, and publicly rebuked it. We must at all times deplore the sinful weakness and selfishness of Christian men; but we have, alas! to remember that in every period of the Church's history those who have habitually walked with God, and sought His glory as their first object, have been a minority. (See 2 Tim. iv. 16; Phil. ii. 20, 21.)

For those who forsook him Paul prayed God that it might not be laid to their charge. In this spirit of charity John Graham largely participated; indeed, sometimes to his best friends he appeared "charitable to a fault."

He proceeds: "As to my own appointment, I believe there was too much prayer offered up to God about it

for Him to let it go wrong; and I feel most perfectly satisfied with it. We have the incipient appearances of much good, and I trust to see many sons and daughters born to God before the close of the year. For this I purpose living, praying, and preaching with all my might." He mentions the case of a man who had kept a public-house, whom he visited, and whom "he believed to find mercy of the Lord." He continues: "I have preached three funeral sermons since I came." These sermons were not to eulogize the dead, but to do good to the living. He adds, "I like these funeral sermons very much, as they give access to many who otherwise would seldom or never hear a faithful warning. There are some men of most sterling worth on this circuit, among whom J. Moreland and others, to whom you desire your remembrance, are foremost. They appear anxious to co-operate with us in seeking a revival.

"Thank God, we have everything that nature and grace require for happiness. Happy I am resolved to be in spite of earth and hell. But I am determined to seek my felicity in fountains which man cannot reach to pollute or poison—in being good, and doing good. M—— and I both find our happiness in each other's society increasing, and have accumulating evidence to conclude that our union was of God. Our path as yet has been strewn with honeysuckle and meadow-sweet, with scarcely a solitary tread on a thistle. We know not, however, how long this may last; but God is with us, and all things work together for good to them that love Him. I am resolved to look very little in future to friends, except a chosen few—a very few—for much sympathy or support. I never before so much admired

the noble sentiment put by H. More into the mouth of David before Saul—

> "'O king! I would not aught from favour claim,
> Nor on remembered services presume;
> But on the strength of my own actions stand,
> Ungraced and unsupported.'

I am resolved to go right on, following up well-ascertained principles to their legitimate and heaven-destined results. I am endeavouring to look for help from on high so to do. I find that if any great good thing will be done in life, personal, independent action, sustained by the unalterable motives of the Bible, must do the work. But if God forsake, what is our strength? A bruised reed. But He will not forsake if His aid be sought in the right way." His own view of seeking in "the right way" embraced trust in God with obedience to Him in all things.

He was at this time "in labours more abundant." Through all the country around he preached daily, and often several times a day, to congregations hungering for the bread of life. He went forth in the power of the Spirit, and everywhere the word was blessed. Meeting at the time with a Christian friend, who was in the habit of hearing him, he told me he did not think any man in that land preached the gospel with greater power.

He rejoiced in all that God did by others, and, where he could, asked the help of their prayers. October 11th, he writes: "Thanks be to God for the indications of good on your circuit. No doubt they are intended as stimulants to your zeal. Pray earnestly for me that God may enable me to be very faithful and efficient in this important sphere."

My brother was baptized in the Church of England, as were all the other members of our family; but he did not, when he came to years of discretion, believe that in his baptism "he was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." He had the fullest conviction that these privileges come only by faith in the Son of God. He had now a son born to himself, and as the religious body of which he was a minister was connected with the Church of England, it became to him a perplexing question where his child was to be baptized. In a letter dated October 11th he says: "We purpose (D.V.) calling him John Woods Graham when he is 'christened;' but when that event may occur is uncertain, as there are conscientious scruples in the way."

My own mind was opening to see the anomalous position of the body with which we were connected, and I wrote to him freely on the subject. In his reply he says: "I perfectly agree in your strictures concerning connexional reform. Our fundamental principle of constitution I think is unsound—I mean our connection with a State Church. I have great difficulty in keeping myself from discontent on this ground. I am almost teetotally a dissenter. But I purpose waiting to see the hand of God before I say or do much concerning this matter."

In another letter, November 29th, 1847, he writes: "I know not where to fulfil the binding command, 'Do this in remembrance of me,' that is, to fulfil it without offence either to my own conscience or that of others. I trust God will cause light soon to break on this point from some quarter. If our Conference do not ere long

separate from the Establishment, I fear my conscience will compel me to separate from the Conference. . . . I purpose both reading and thinking more closely over the subject. I would greatly dread taking a step off the line of Providence.

"The Lord is giving us some blessed tokens for good. I know I am exceedingly deficient in simple faith and ardent zeal for His glory. This, I am sure, is the reason He does not acknowledge me more. I have been a good deal quickened of late in reading Barrett's *Essay on the Pastoral Office.* It is really an elegant, evangelical, and searching work. How are your special efforts doing? Our labours are so scattered here we can have very little concentrated effort. However, our 'straggling fire' is not without some effect.

"I have been praying more fervently for you since I heard of the late murders around you; but you are under the wing and shadow of the Almighty." The allusion here is to "the agrarian murders," in the middle of which I was, in County Tipperary. God at that period not only preserved me from all danger, but also from all fear. The day which will reveal the hidden things of darkness may show that this preservation was very much owing to those prayers.

The year 1848 opened to the subject of this memoir with undiminished blessing. Part of January he spent with Dr. Heather as a missionary deputation. He says, "We had really blessed times." Of his own work, on the 18th, he writes: "In our meetings several souls have of late professed to be made happy in God. I do not see where I could have greater opportunities of usefulness than in my present sphere. I am endeavouring to

improve the time, both as regards grace, knowledge, and experience, and leave the direction of the future to God. He often graciously waters my soul in a most blessed degree, so that I cry, 'What hath the world to equal this?' Our cup was full in Dungannon last Sunday."

Active service may be best for others; but patient suffering is what brings most blessing to the man of God. (James i. 2–4.) Success in our work is dangerous. Without great watchfulness and prayer it will make us think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; and without any conscious intention we may be taking to ourselves a measure of that glory which belongs to the Lord. It was in the perception of this truth John Graham, after a severe illness, wrote the letter of which the following is an extract:—

"Moy, 23rd March, 1848.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I am now, thank God, nearly well. I am endeavouring to take every caution consistent with duty till my health be completely established. I narrowly escaped an attack of typhus. At first my head and back were so pained, I thought I was about to pass through the furnace of a severe fever. However, I was resigned to the will of God, and the sentiment of my heart was, 'The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?' The word of God at times was very sweet and refreshing to my soul, and views of God's benignity and tenderness as a Father were very cheering. My full conviction is that God saw I needed chastisement, and that He sent the very gentlest consistent with the ac-

complishment of the design. Oh that that wise and good design may be answered in my earthly and wayward heart! I think, at least I hope, that God is bringing down the pride and self-importance of my blind and foolish spirit. I would wish to see myself as little as I really am, in reference both to capacity and worth in the sight of God.

"I hope you have no disturbance in your county or neighbourhood at present. All is perfectly quiet here. The whole of Europe seems to be in a state of most excited political commotion, 'the sea and the waves roaring.' One thing is certain and assuring, 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'"

As the time of Conference approached he became increasingly uncomfortable in his ecclesiastical relations. May 22nd he writes: "I am as yet undecided what course to take at the coming Conference. My chief bonds of connection are my love for many of the members, and the openings to preach the Word. Oh that God may decide and direct me! I scarcely think that with the principles I hold it is morally honest to retain my present position, and yet I feel it would be a very hard severance to leave the people I love so well. I wish you would give me your mind unreservedly as to what you think my line of duty." I referred him to his divine Master for orders, that his faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. But, as I believed that I had received the orders for myself, I came out. As his convictions were not fully matured he wisely remained where he was.

The question naturally arises here, a question of wide application, Can that ecclesiastical constitution be scrip-

tural which requires a man of God, of acknowledged soundness in the faith, to withdraw from it for following his conscientious conviction on the subject of Church ordinances?

July, 1848, found my brother again in Belfast, among a people loving and beloved. That was the year of Smith O'Brien's and Thomas Francis Meagher's rebellion. As I and my family were at the centre of danger, and he at a distance from it, he was deeply concerned for our safety. We entered the city of Waterford in the midst of wild excitement. The rebels were ready waiting for the word of command from their leaders. Pikes were publicly sold on the streets, and the police dared not seize them; placards were posted up on the walls with the words, in large capitals, "TO ARMS! TO ARMS!" On the other side the government was not behind in its preparations. Sir Charles O'Donnell, with twelve thousand men, had taken posssession of Bilberry Rock, which commanded one side of the city, and lay there night and day under canvas; the artillery barracks, on another side, were fortified; Sir Charles Napier, with his squadron, lay right along the extensive quay, with the broadsides of his ships toward the city; on the only remaining side, the county and city police, placed under arms, held possession of the Town-hall.

August 12th my brother wrote to me:

"Nature would have inclined me to be very anxious about you in the midst of the alarms with which you are surrounded; but I know your covenant God is with you, and He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations. I endeavoured in prayer with some others, who feel concerned for your welfare, to

beseech the Lord that He might be a 'sun and shield' to you and yours, which I am persuaded He has been. An attack was apprehended on Belfast, as it was comparatively defenceless, and would have given much booty to the insurgents. I felt I could lay me down in peace, and sleep securely, while He to whom the shields of the earth belong was our watchman and defender."

To his prayers, and those of his friends, doubtless, we in Waterford were much indebted for being kept in the same peace of mind which he experienced in Belfast.

A gloomy cloud was just now threatening to darken his bright domestic sky. His letter continues: "Dear Johnny has been very ill the last two or three days. He is drooping like a withered flower, but we hope he will yet rally and recover. He is, we know, in the hand of 'the Great Physician,' and our best friend. Were he to die Matilda would feel it in every nerve; but I am sure God would give us grace to bear it."

Two days after (August 10th) the blow fell; the beautiful flower died. But in the midst of their deep grief both parents could say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." To console his beloved wife he addressed to her the following lines:

"Ah, yes! 'twas unearthly and strange
To see and to feel that fair clod—
To mark, scarce believing the change,
Yet know that our child was with God.
But prayer to our Father in heaven,
Who spared not His Son for our sin,
Brought balm to our souls, anguish-riven,
And opened the fountains within.

"Then, dearest, the morning that shone
Seemed symbol that fitly expressed
The glory that dawned round our son,
Borne up to our Lord's loving breast.
Our eyes shall yet gaze on his form
As it shines with our Lord in His train;
Released from the shroud and the worm,
We 'll clasp him, nor lose him again."

The reality of this resignation he thus expressed in a letter of November 2nd: "Matilda, thank God, is now quite well, as also myself; and we are both, I believe, fully reconciled to God's will in the removal of our darling boy to his Father's home above."

He had revival services during November and part of December. In these he was assisted by Mr. Rutherford, of Kelso. He remarks: "The congregations during all the services were very large. Sometimes thirteen hundred were present." In these services upwards of one hundred anxious souls, "many of whom found peace in believing," were conversed with. He ends his account with the prayer, "Oh that God may enable me to be faithful in winning souls to Himself! There is nothing worth living for but this."

The month following he had to record a remarkable providence. "Belfast, January 17th, 1849. Shortly after I received your last God most mercifully preserved us and our house from being burned. A fire broke out in the adjoining premises, which consumed £13,000 worth of property. It raged like a volcano. But the wind suddenly changed, and carried the flames away from us, so that we were completely saved. Since then, just as we were about to go out to a Dorcas tea-meeting, Mr. Sewell [his assistant minister] perceived a flame break-

ing into his room from the adjoining house, so that we had it extinguished in time. Had he gone out without perceiving it, no doubt ere we returned the house would have been in flames. How good and how watchful is our heavenly Father!"

He was still ill at ease in his ecclesiastical position; but was not neglecting the appointed channels of instruction. He continues: "I am giving some attention to the scriptural order of believers assembling for worship, and wish to get every ray of true light I can on this as well as every other subject, and wait on God in earnest expectation of His opening the way. In the mean time saving souls I feel to be my great mission. Oh for more prostrate humility, more power of the Spirit, more unceasing prayer! We do, thank God, see some fruit of our labour; but if we were more holy we might see more."

Taking for a season the place of the travelling missionary secretary, the late Dr. Heather, he writes from the town where for some time he had prosecuted his studies under my care:

"Lowtherstown, March 6th, 1846.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I am at present sitting in your old friend's, Mrs. Johnson's. My soul was greatly subdued and melted on looking round me at the meeting last night. It is upwards of nine years since I was here, and, oh, how much of the preventing, sustaining, forgiving and tender mercy of God have I experienced since then! How faithful has God been, and how unfaithful has been my heart! There are great changes here;

nearly all who were children when we were here are grown up to manhood and womanhood. James Johnson died happy in God. . . . Mrs. Maxwell is still here; she appeared inexpressibly glad to see me, as did all our old friends.

"F. Fitzgerald is accompanying me. He is a truly blessed man, one of the most so I ever met. He appears fully under the power of the gospel—meek, gentle, full of love, and in close communion with God, a blessed contrast to many professors, and, alas! to many preachers. We are endeavouring to edify one another in love, and to do all the good we can, both in our meetings at night and in the mornings. I delight in the opportunity of speaking good of the Lord to so many souls. Legality is the religion of the human heart, and I feel it a privilege to show the fulness and freeness of our salvation in Jesus. I am not to return home till the 17th, and trust God will not let my journey be in vain."

In addition to ordinary conversions, which were of continual occurrence, he had from time to time, in connection with his ministry, some cases attended with circumstances of a very marked and encouraging character. One of this kind he mentions in a letter of May 21st, 1849. A poor woman, from a village near the town, came in deep distress of soul to "the quarterly meeting." There, from his and other lips, she heard of salvation through faith in the atoning work of Christ. She believed, and went home happy in the Lord. In a few days she was seized with cholera and died, but died rejoicing in her newly-found Saviour.

Cholera had visited the town, and he himself had an

attack which, in its first symptoms, seemed very like it; but his mind was kept in peace. What caused him sorrow was that the people did not humble themselves and turn to the Lord. August 1st he writes: "The Queen is to visit this town about the 12th inst. There is far more thought and preparation for her coming than for the glorious appearing of the great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

In his ministry in Belfast, he found it better farther on. The meetings with which he closed the year 1849, he judged to be the largest and best he had ever had. Of his Christian friends there he writes (December 17th): "I cannot tell, when I leave this, whether I shall ever again meet with a people whom I shall love as well as the friends of Jesus here. I feel my soul sweetly bound up with them in unity of love and hope."

Next month found him in Omagh, beside the dying-bed of his brother-in-law, the husband of his only sister. Here he was privileged to record another special instance of the grace of God. His brother-in-law had put aside the great question of salvation until he came to a dying-bed; but he was the subject of many earnest prayers from many believing hearts, and God heard and answered. Of his repentance and faith in Christ my brother gives a full and detailed account. Impressed with the brevity and uncertainty of human life, he adds a closing reflection: "How short a time since poor mother left for glory from the house where I pen these lines! And now the subject of her earnest prayers is about to follow after."

In May, 1850, at the invitation of two ministers and their churches, he visited Scotland, to preach on behalf

of missions in Ireland. Here openings multiplied, and he and his colleague, Mr. W. Skuse, preached and held public meetings in seven churches. Of the effect of this visit he says, "Many of God's people appeared to be stirred up to pray and give for Ireland as they had never before done."

In Belfast the blessing of God still eminently rested on his ministry. June 17th, 1850, he writes: "I have seen some blessed instances of the power of the truth of God. This day I visited the wife of a Unitarian. He was lying drunk, while she was lying at the point of death. She is happy in the pardoning love and sustaining grace of God. . . . Seldom have I seen more of the devil in man than in this case."

Of his own spiritual state he writes: "I do trust I am getting more of the Spirit of Jesus in forbearance and love. Oh to be like the Lamb of God in every temper and word! This is what makes the Christian shine in the light of heaven." In this light he was brightly shining, and was shedding its warming and reviving beams on all around him.

From Belfast, in July, 1850, he was called to Dublin. Here, as in every other place, God greatly blessed his labours. Everywhere he preached the sufficiency of grace to support the people of God in trial, and everywhere the divine call was made upon himself to exemplify his doctrine. He had little more than entered on his labours when his wife was taken ill, and brought to the verge of another world. But both proved God to be a present help in the day of trouble. October 20th he writes: "It was very trying to see her bear so much pain; but I trust I have been taught a little more of

the psalmist's meaning, 'From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee when my heart is overwhelmed. Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." But the whole has been mingled with tenderest mercy. M——'s mind was not only profoundly peaceful, but triumphant through the whole. Indeed, her composure and joy in God in sight of eternity were most refreshing and blessed. Blessed be God, I feel Him my all in all." While he and others in the very crisis of her illness were waiting on God, he received the assurance she should be restored. His letter continues: "We have tokens for good in the conversion of some, and building up of others, and in generally increased attendance. We have great harmony. May God perpetuate it! There is nothing like the lowly, loving Spirit of Jesus for passing quietly among the people. It quenches insults and strifes. Oh that I had more of it from the Lord!"

John Graham was an earnest and constant worker. He preached the gospel publicly, and from house to house. But in Dublin he commenced another kind of labour which he continued to the close of life. In the Rotunda, December 30th, 1850, he delivered his first public lecture. As it was for "the Young Men's Christian Association," he took for his subject "The Season of Youth." Of this lecture he says: "It was kindly and approvingly received by the large assembly, principally young men, before whom it was delivered. Some of the hearers came afterwards to tell me the good of which God had made it instrumental to them, in quickening their hearts to sorrow over past neglects, and to purpose greater diligence, if spared, in the formation of character in time to come." This lecture was pub-

lished by request. In one month the first edition of it was sold, and a second edition called for.

The following year he brought out his *Memoir* of Mr. Riddall, of Armagh. He wrote it at the request of the Conference, but wrote it amid the earnest and incessant labours of the ministry. One of our good old Puritans says that sermons are like showers, which do good as they fall; but that books are like snow, which lies long on the ground and continues to fertilize it. Books, he adds, may do good where the writer is not, and what is more, when he is not. Mr. Riddall's memoir, it is believed, did good to many. In relation to its publication, my brother says: "I believe the life of such a pre-eminently amiable, devoted saint should not be permitted to pass without memorial among the community in which he burned and shone by his life and teaching. I felt like Doddridge, that, 'as we are so near the eternal state, and must so soon be silent in the dust, nothing should be neglected which looked like a call of providence, directing any opportunity of doing good, though some might think that such publications were an addition to the number of unnecessary books with which the world was before encumbered.'"

His judgment was, that "reading the lives of the saints of Jesus gives us sympathy, strong sympathy, with their spirits, and makes us long for the coming of our Lord and their Lord, and for our gathering together unto Him." He exclaims, "Oh, amid the imperfect fellowship of the Church here, and amid the chilling unbelief of the world, it is warming to the heart to anticipate that day!"

His spiritual state at this period is clearly revealed by

an entry in his journal. "Dublin, April 17th, 1851. Upwards of six years and seven months have elapsed since my last entry in this journal. . . . I do bless the far-seeing wisdom and long-suffering love of God in His dealings towards me during that period. . . . Thou art my Father, my tender, loving, wise Father. Thus I see thee in the spirit, teachings, prayers, life, labours, and cross of thy dear Son. Thus I have proved thee in thy gracious dealings with my soul and body through life. To thy hands I commit my spirit. Though thou slay me, I will trust in thee. Amen, my God. . . . O thou ever present Spirit, who art near, intimately near, to the soul that is panting after truth and grace, be near to my soul to strengthen, enlighten, and bless me. . . . Thou hast led my soul to delight in 'God in Christ;' thou hast kept me to the present hour from openly disgracing the name of my Lord. Thou givest me even now 'the earnest of the inheritance" by peace in God and love toward man, yea, thou openest up the dawning of a hope that is through grace and points to glory. Oh, assist me to gird up the loins of my mind with braced resolve to grow in all that can make me holy, wise, and useful here, and that can fit me for the open vision of uncreated light and beauty in heaven, and for the society of 'the spirits of just men made perfect!'"

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ECCLESIASTICAL RELATIONS IN OLD SPHERES.

ON the unscriptural character of the union of Church and State John Graham's views and convictions were now clear and decided. The Congregational order of church association came, in his judgment, nearest to that of the New Testament. He had faith in God to open and direct his way, and accordingly, in 1852, he resigned his connection with the community in which he had been a recognized minister for ten years. But this official severance neither diminished his regard for his former Christian friends, nor did it, when occasion offered, hinder his happy fellowship with them.

As a few years previous to this severance he had lived in Moy, where his devoted life and successful labours were well known, the Congregational Church of that town, being without a minister, invited him to become its pastor. Wishing to lose no time from his beloved work, and believing the call to be from God, he at once accepted it.

In his first letter to me after entering on his work, July 16th, 1852, he says: "After much exercise within and exertion without, here we are quietly settled *pro*

tem. in Moy. By the grievous unfaithfulness of my predecessor the little flock were scattered and peeled to a pitiable degree, so that my work for the present is rather painful in striving to build up and bring back. But yet in this I feel the presence of the Father of mercies, and God of all comfort. Indeed, I feel great peace pervading my mind, and never was I more fully resolved, by divine grace, to live in and for the Lord. To the poor especially I am called to preach the gospel, and in visiting and instructing them I feel my soul greatly refreshed. I cannot tell of course whether I may remain long in this place. That I joyfully leave to the Guide of my life.

"I trust for both body and soul my residence here will be made a blessing. . . . I am nowhere so happy nor so much in my place, I believe, as in the work of striving to win souls. Alas! it is but a little I can do in the work of God at anything, except as He breathes life and power into my soul."

Very soon, with the blessing of God on his efforts, the breaches he refers to were healed. His congregation at once began to grow. True helpers gathered round him, and his church became united and prosperous. But he did not restrict his labours to the town itself; he blew the gospel trumpet in the regions around, visited other towns, and the cities of Armagh and Londonderry. In the latter city more especially was his ministry blessed.

In Moy I had the great pleasure of visiting him, and of conducting services in his church, and rejoicing with him in the blessing of God upon himself and his work.

In his journal I find an entry dated "Moy, July 26th, 1853," from which I give a few sentences, that, while

they illustrate several traits of his character, shed much light on his honesty and integrity of purpose. "On the 19th of last May I reached the thirty-first year of my age. . . . I am now eleven years and upwards in the ministry, and have often seen the hand of God made bare in working on immortal spirits to lead them to Himself, and train them for glory. . . . I have read not a few books, by which my views of men and things, of earth and heaven, of time and eternity, have been greatly affected. . . . I was connected with two ecclesiastical systems—the Established Episcopal Church, and Primitive Wesleyan Methodism, both of which I left for what I believe a better and more scriptural system." He wisely adds: "I pledge myself to nothing in creed or practice but what shall approve itself by evidence to my mind. Truth and goodness are the real wealth and bliss of the soul. These I shall endeavour to follow wherever they lead. May the love of Jehovah be my mainspring of action, and may His power and wisdom guide my poor erring soul."

Moy he had no desire to leave; but it was evidently the will of God that he should move to a wider sphere. The Rev. Haweis Cooper, of King's Inn Street, Dublin, a man of great spiritual power and devotedness, had been removed to his Master's presence above. The Church was naturally desirous to fill his place with a pastor of a similar spirit. Their cordial invitation came to my brother, which, after prayerful consideration, he accepted. With sorrow, but at the call of duty, he took farewell of his quiet home and Christian friends in Moy to transfer his labours to the capital. There he was well known, and so soon as he commenced his labours in

King's Inn Street (1853) his old friends began to gather around him. His church and congregation grew rapidly, and the blessing of God, as in former times, accompanied his ministry.

To his pastoral labours he added those of an active evangelist. He did not confine his preaching to the chapel in King's Inn Street, but carried the gospel to other parts of the city. With John Wesley he could say, "The world is my parish," for wherever he went he proclaimed his Master's message. When he paid me a visit in Waterford, he preached in the Town-hall to a large assembly, composed of hearers from all the Protestant denominations in the city. To all who heard him it was evident that he not only delivered his Master's message, but delivered it also in his Master's Spirit.

He had now in Dublin, as previously in Moy, what he greatly valued, time for profitable reading and the study of truth. Truth, whether in nature, providence, or revelation, he loved and pursued. But as the joy of imparting knowledge was not less than that of acquiring it, he devoted a portion of his time to preparing and delivering instructive and useful lectures. Those which he delivered during his short pastorate in King's Inn Street, Dublin, show much careful reading, and equally discriminating observation. Beside the direct utility of these lectures they had an indirect advantage, that of bringing many thoughtful and intelligent young men under his ministry.

While in Dublin, in August, 1854, he had the joy of welcoming home his eldest brother from Australia, after an absence of more than twenty years. That which enhanced and intensified this joy was, that almost

immediately on their return both his brother and wife sought and found salvation, and became earnest and decided Christians. For twenty-five years from his conversion, his eldest brother lived to serve the Lord, and last year was gathered as a ripe shock into the garner.

It was a part of this eldest brother's colonial life which John afterwards wrote under the title of *Lawrence Struleby*. The name is taken from the river Strule, which flows near the place of our birth.

In Dublin, John Graham regarded himself as settled for life. He had had invitations to churches in Scotland and elsewhere. But to his eye the cloud rested on the Irish capital. There God was blessing his ministry. He was much attached to his people; and they loved and valued him, and showed him much kindness. As to this world, he had never sought great things for himself; and his wish now was to be faithful in his present sphere. But again the cloud moved, and he felt it was his to obey. The aged and venerable Dr. Leifchild had resigned his charge in Craven Chapel, London, and the deacons of the church, advised by the late Dr. Campbell, invited my brother over to preach.

While his engagement to preach in London was pending, he shared with us one of the deepest trials of our life. He was very much attached to our second son, Samuel, a bright child, nine years old, and a decided Christian. As his own son and only child had been taken to the Lord, he greatly desired that Samuel might live with him. Samuel was deeply attached to his uncle and aunt. But he was suddenly smitten with inflammation of the lungs, and after a trying illness of some weeks, in which his faith, with one slight exception, never

wavered, and his peace flowed like a river, he passed home in triumph to God. His last words, pronounced in a clear, strong voice, were, "Christ died for me." The following extract, dated March 21st, 1855, refers to this painful trial. It will show the spirit in which my brother preached his first sermons in London.

"So dear Samuel has at length gone to sweet eternal rest. I looked on his death as so certain, that I rather rejoice that he is freed from the burden of the flesh. How delightful and assuring his dying testimony concerning his confidence in the Lord! How blessed and glorious his present portion! . . . . I trust dear Samuel's removal will tend to unbind all our hearts more from earth. The more I know and feel of earth, the more I see it to be an empty, passing shade, valuable only as a stage to eternity, as affording opportunity for doing the will of the Lord."

He composed some lines to solace the bereaved mother, and referred in them to the blissful reunion soon to be realized. So it now is, mother and son are together in the presence of the Lord. Samuel has welcomed her and his eldest brother to 'the everlasting habitations.'

In his letter, my brother says: "I am, by long engagement, to start for London, for a few days (two Sundays inclusive), on Friday morning, at 8 o'clock." After fulfilling his engagement, he purposed returning to his charge in Dublin. A temporary illness detained him, which led to more intercourse and more preaching. These in turn led to an invitation from the Church, which, after solemn consideration and prayer for guidance, he accepted.

CHAPTER VII.

PASTORATE IN CRAVEN CHAPEL.

HE Church in Craven Chapel, Marshall Street, Golden Square, London, from the period of its formation, in 1823, has been an active, working Church. For twenty-three years, from 1831 till 1854, the venerable Dr. Leifchild was its pastor. During his pastorate nineteen hundred and twenty-nine members were received into the fellowship of the Church, and seventy thousand pounds were contributed to the work of God. For nearly sixty years Craven Chapel has been a light shining in a dark place. In connection with it Sunday-schools and day-schools have flourished. The missionary or Bible-woman has been occupied in the neighbourhood to win the perishing to Christ. But not only has the gospel been sent, but liberal monetary aid has been sent also to the sick and poor around. It is computed that more than two hundred persons are personally engaged, in connection with the societies of the Church, in some special Christian work.

After the resignation of Dr. Leifchild, the Church was twelve months without a pastor. On the first Lord's-

day in July, 1855, my brother occupied the vacant pulpit. The Church still retained much of its vigour, and numbered six hundred members. In the *Report* of its benevolent societies, it is stated: "Mr. Graham commenced his labours most successfully. Once more the attendance increased. The old societies flourished, and new ones were formed."

It was well for the new pastor that he deeply felt the responsibility of succeeding a minister of Christ of such power and eminence as Dr. Leifchild. This sent him into secret before God to seek that enduement of power which could alone fit him for his position. In every department of it he gave himself to his work. He preached the gospel publicly, and, as time permitted, from house to house. He was diligent in visiting the sick. He personally superintended societies, and conducted prayer-meetings and Bible-classes. His ladies' Bible-class, which I sometimes conducted for him, was the largest I have known, and among the most interesting. For this class, as well as for all his work, he made diligent preparation. But it would be culpable not to mention the fact that he had many faithful and efficient helpers—helpers who assisted him by their counsels, sympathies, and prayers, as well as by their active co-operation. Among the foremost of these was the late Mr. Edward Swaine, of Piccadilly, a man equally remarkable for grace and for wisdom.

As in his previous fields of labour, so in Craven Chapel, John Graham's passion was to win souls. For this he prayed in private, and for this he preached in public. As a skilled workman he brought the truth to bear on the consciences of men. He preached the holi-

ness and justice of God; but of His love to a perishing world, of His unwillingness that any should perish, and His desire that all should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, he had the deepest convictions. He believed the divine statements, that Christ "gave Himself a ransom for all;" that "He by the grace of God tasted death for every man." He therefore preached a full, free, and present salvation to every sinner, that on the ground of Christ's finished work accepts it. A Christian gentleman who went to hear him, but who had no sympathy with his Church views, was candid enough in the course of conversation to say to me, "Your brother does not preach about the gospel; he preaches the gospel itself."

After preaching the gospel on a Sunday evening he delighted in following up the word with a prayer-meeting. He believed that the Holy Spirit alone could give effect to the truth, and he believed that His operations were vouchsafed in answer to prayer. When I have preached for him on a Sunday evening, his own address at the prayer-meeting afterwards has been full of the most earnest and touching entreaty to sinners then and there to be reconciled to God, and to receive the pardon which He gratuitously offers.

In his vestry on certain days of the week he met enquirers. He conversed with them separately, and usually spent hours in meeting the difficulties and removing the doubts of the anxious, comforting the feeble-minded and sorrowing, and ministering support to the weak and discouraged. Many hundreds of dark and perplexed souls, on these occasions, were enlightened and cheered by his counsels, and many awakened souls were led to

trust in Christ for salvation. Week by week he was thus permitted to see the enlargement of the kingdom of God.

July 15th, 1856, at the end of his first year's ministry, he says, in a letter which I had from him: "We have had in Craven during the last twelve months one hundred and sixty souls added to our fellowship. Of these, one hundred and eleven are from the world, all professing conversion to God. Of course 'the day' may show much stubble among these, yet I cannot but hope there has been added much precious material to the spiritual house. If so, it is the Lord's doing, and all the honour be to Him."

There were some who thought that the prosperity of the first year would prove exceptional; but of the year which followed it was only the type and prophecy.

Preaching for him on a week evening during a visit which I paid him, I remarked on the largeness of the congregation, which I estimated at about six hundred. He remarked that it was not unusually large; that he had about that number at all his week evening preachings. He preached Christ to the people, and preached Him earnestly, and He was the magnet which drew them to his ministry.

At the close of the year 1858 he could say: "Almost every society in our Church has steadily increased in working efficiency and financial support; while to the Church itself there has been a clear increase over deaths and removals of ninety-three members." He might well add, "We have much to make us thank God and take courage. Let us therefore gird up the loins of our mind, be sober, and hope to the end. Systematically giving

'as the Lord hath prospered us,' and patiently doing good unto all men as we have opportunity, we shall reap both a present and a future reward."

My fear at that time was, lest his prosperity should in any way elate him, and so injure his spirituality. But in a visit which he paid me in Worcester early in February, 1859, both from the power and unction of his preaching, and from all my private intercourse with him, I was convinced that he was growing in the Lord, and his zeal for the divine glory increasing. In the end of the month I spent four days with him in London. There my impressions were fully confirmed, and deeply did I share in his joy in seeing the rich and abundant blessing of the Lord granted to his work.

At the close of this year he writes: "It is with earnest gratitude to God the pastor and deacons of the Church unite with their fellow-worshippers to report their progress in Christ's work during the past year. What an important section of human life is a single year, how irrevocable when gone, how important its chronicles in God's book of remembrance! And yet to all who know Christ as their life and salvation, the flight of time, instead of being a depressing should be a joyful fact; for 'the night is far spent, and the day is at hand; and now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.' Every year that passes brings nearer to the Church 'that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"Since its formation the Church in Craven Chapel has been a working Church, and to this, by God's blessing, it has owed much of its prosperity. During the past year both its work and worship have been highly en-

couraging, and many sinners have been converted to God. The large attendance, deep attention, and devout spirit of its Sunday and week-day services have been eminently cheering."

But to this he adds a word of exhortation to all, and a word of reproof to some: "Much, very much, remains to be done within and around; but our helper in the past will be our helper in the future. Some tried friends of Christ are being called home to their reward, but others are rising up. Some do not heartily enlist in the Lord's work. How full of reproof to such the words, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' Surely there is for you a plot in the vineyard, and a blessed Master, and a glorious reward. . . . 'See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.'" Over and above all removals and deaths, the Church was increased this year by sixty-three members. His Sunday congregations were little short of two thousand.

He was desirous that both he and the Church in Craven Chapel should occupy a low place before God. He therefore in the *Report*, at the close of 1860, says: "When we truthfully compare our attainments with our privileges, our performances with our obligations, how much reason have we to be deeply humbled before Him who searcheth the heart? When we think of the deathless love of God in Christ to us, and our guilty lukewarmness of heart to Him; of the freeness of His promises, and the little faith of our prayers; of His readiness to give, and our slowness to receive and act out, grace; when we think how much we owe of love to each other, and pity and effort for the unsaved around, we have reason not only to be deeply humbled, but

penitent and contrite. May the Lord give us truly humble and contrite hearts, such as He can dwell in according to His promise!

"We have given and done some little for the Master's cause; but alas for our blindness and pride, if we think ourselves rich and increased in goods, having need of nothing.

"Yet let humility be gladdened with joy, that we have been privileged to do even so much for a Father who looks with love on the sincere efforts of His children; and for a Lord who takes what is done to His people as done to Himself."

In this address he points to other causes of gratitude:

"We may thankfully congratulate each other on the amount of peace we have enjoyed in a Church constructed on such free, and, as we believe, scriptural principles. I cannot be sufficiently thankful, that the large congregations which fill our spacious house, listen with earnestness and apparent edification to the discourses which I try to draw from the central truths of the gospel system; and that the interest of the hearers appears proportional to what is intended to be the close application and evangelicalness of the sermons. There appears no desire among us for 'another gospel,' and no distaste for the manna which has fed Christ's pilgrims in the wilderness so long. I rejoice that during the year one hundred and thirty-six members have been added to the Church, most of them brought in from the world to Christ.

"During the past year some fifteen of our number have been summoned hence by the Lord. The death of some was startlingly sudden, and that of others most

tryingly protracted; but they all, so far as we know, had expressed good hope through grace. Never have we witnessed more touching and triumphant proofs of the faithfulness of a covenant God than in the death scenes of some who were lately our fellow-worshippers." We cannot withhold the following exhortation:

"There are now more than eight hundred and sixty members in the fellowship of our Church. Oh, brethren and sisters, if our hearts were all right with God and with our fellow-men, how much we might do to serve our generation! We do something; but might we not do it more efficiently? If our hearts glowed more intensely and unitedly, might not our holy influences radiate more potently and widely? Bear the word of exhortation from your pastor; and let me entreat you to be sure, by deep and thorough self-examination, that your personal relations with God be ascertained and satisfactory."

In 1861 the number of Church members, after filling up all vacancies, arose to nine hundred and ten. But prosperous above every preceding year, so far as statistics enable us to judge, was 1862. This year the membership arose to nine hundred and ninety-three. The finances of the Church were in proportionate prosperity. The money raised for benevolent objects amounted to £2,462. This sum included for general repairs and renovation of the chapel £503; for Bicentenary commemoration, £101; for London Missionary Society, £254; for Lancashire distress, £273. For this last object £58 were also given the following year. From 1859 to 1863, the sum of nearly £400 was raised for providing new schools, with promises to a much

larger amount. These schools have since been erected, and are a great boon to the neighbourhood.

One of our great dangers in the present day is, while engaged in active work professedly for the Lord, to allow our own spiritual life to languish. It is only as we walk in fellowship with God and Christ that we receive the supply of the Spirit, and are strengthened to work efficiently. The work of a Christian out of communion with God, or whose communion is shallow and interrupted, can receive little or no recognition or blessing from Him. It was not in works that the church of Ephesus failed, but in the warmth of first love; therefore God threatens to remove her candlestick. (Rev. ii. 1–7.) God wants our sanctity first, and then our service. John Graham well knew this, and in his address to the Church for 1862 sounds this note of warning:

"No man can do much spiritual good to others who does not look well that his own heart be right with God. Oh, how needful and how happy to strive always to keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and man! This makes day happy, and night peaceful; this gives confidence in society, and sweetness in solitude; this is power in life, and tranquillity in death. Let us look well to it that the intercourse be kept open and free between God and our own hearts, that we can feel sheltered in the bosom of an omnipotent Father, and then feel the deep yearnings of holiest relations to our brethren.

"Let us not forsake secret prayer; let us not forget family religion; let us look diligently to the government of the temper and the tongue; let us pursue daily work as God's allotment, as a safeguard against tempta-

tion, and a part of our discipline for the use of more talents in higher spheres."

1863, like its predecessors, was a year of marked blessing. The large chapel continued to be crowded with interested and attentive hearers, many of whom received the truth in the love of it, and felt it to be the power of God to their salvation. 1864 opened also with similar prosperity.

But let no one suppose that the preaching of the minister of Craven Chapel was acceptable to all who heard him. It was with him as it ever has been, and ever shall be, with every true ambassador of Christ. To the self-righteous Jew the cross is a stumbling-block, and to the vain-minded Greek, puffed up with his fancied philosophy, foolishness. My brother has told me that again and again persons have come to hear him, and when he preached man's ruin by the fall, and salvation to be obtained only by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, they have left and returned no more. This, though sad for them, was an advantage to others; for it made room for honest enquirers, who received the truth in the love of it.

While carrying on his ministerial and pastoral work in Craven Chapel, notwithstanding the mental and physical labour and the care and watchfulness involved in it, John Graham co-operated in a variety of Christian and philanthropic works both in London and elsewhere. He took a large share in the preaching of the gospel in the theatres and public halls. He was one of those whom Lord Shaftesbury consulted, and whose testimony he gave in the House of Lords as to the utility of the movement, when opposition was raised to it there.

Seldom perhaps did his word ever thrill his hearers more than when, on the day of the funeral (December 3rd, 1861), he preached in St. James's Hall to three thousand people on the death of the Prince Consort.

The entire great assembly seemed moved by the powerful utterances of that discourse. The sermon was published by request. It was sent to the Queen, and graciously acknowledged by her. We quote a few sentences from one or two of the lessons drawn from the exalted and Christian example of the prince. "Let the example of the noble dead deal rebukes and warnings that from a preacher might be despised. Are there not some among us so scientific as to shut God out of His own world by theories of development, and by exalting laws of nature into powers, and second causes into the place of the great First Cause? To such we would say, Go stand before the Royal Exchange at the centre of this world's heart, and even amid the heat and rush of traffic, the conspicuous motto of English commerce on the façade of the Exchange will strike your eye. By the prince it was chosen, and not from heathen classics or moralists, but from the first verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm—'THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULNESS THEREOF.'

"And now, ye who neglect the house of God, except when, like Doeg, ye are 'detained before the Lord,' and perhaps then sleep under the eye and the word of the Majesty of heaven, go ye to the little Presbyterian Church in Crathie, where the Royal Consort led his children with a liberality and piety that would have been the wonder and scorn of other days: go and mark how reverently he worships, how attentively he hears,

and how the preacher of the most earnest evangelical sermon is thanked, and probably commanded to publish it. See how the Prince Consort honoured God, and learn the meaning of that word, 'Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.'"

A lady (Mrs. J. Evans), whom I lately met in a house of mourning, mentioned the following incident:

"Many years ago the Rev. John Graham preached one evening in the East-end of London, and a member of the Church, present at the service, was forcibly struck by the following beautiful illustration, which he then used, and which came strongly home to the hearer shortly afterwards, when called to pass through domestic trials sharper even than bereavement. He said: "Dear child of God, you may, perhaps, wonder at the repeated strokes of your Father's hand, but remember, if an iron fence is required, how soon is it manufactured? but if a highly-wrought instrument is needed, say for delicate, surgical purposes, how much more elaborate the process! Oh, what refining and polishing, and time after time returned to the furnace!

"Dear tried one, *you* may be undergoing preparation for some higher service in your Saviour's kingdom; therefore bear with patience."

E. G. Glazier, Esq., writing from India to Mrs. Graham, says: "How much do I owe to him! I recollect well those six quiet years of my early spiritual life—1855–1861. His stirring teaching and genial sympathy ruled my spirit and won my heart. To the foundation which he laid, 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified,' I can ascribe, under God's overruling grace, that my faith has been

preserved through a long Indian career, during which I have been cut off, in a great measure, from Christian teaching and sympathy.

"The love of God was the principle that pervaded all Mr. Graham's teaching. The two sermons that have most impressed my mind were those on 'God is love,' and, 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"When I joined the Church at Craven, on April 30th, 1856, he addressed us on closet prayer (Matt. vi. 6), praying to the Father who is in secret. He said that the Father rewarded us openly in enabling us to lead a consistent Christian life.

"At that time he introduced me to Mr. Smith, then and now the secretary to the Sunday-school, and set me to work; for it was his rule to lay hold on young Christians when their love was fresh, and put them to do something for Jesus."

"His preaching," remarks Mrs. Graham, "was remarkable for its application to the every-day life of his hearers. How often have I been told of some word in the sermon that was just what was needed, and so helpful! One dear friend, who was deeply tried, taking my hand in hers, after the service, said with tears: 'Give my love to Mr. Graham; tell him he spoke to my heart to-day.' This was frequently repeated by the same lady. Again I would be told by a young person in business how she had been encouraged and strengthened by the Word. He was greatly blessed to many in clearing away mists, dispelling doubts, encouraging the timid, and strengthening the feeble-minded."

It was his delight to make excursions into the country, and to visit the larger towns and cities, to preach the Word. From such visits he has again and again met fruit in the conversion of souls. Of a visit to Bristol, which was much more blessed than he was aware of at the time, he writes, Oct. 10th, 1856: "Since last I wrote you, I spent some ten days preaching in Bristol and Taunton. I greatly enjoyed my visit to Bristol. I had crowded audiences attentive to the word of life. I trust it was not without fruit. I heard much, and all in favour, of Mr. Müller. . . . I met a great deal of simple piety in Bristol. Mr. J. Parsons, of York, was staying in the same house with me, and was among my hearers one night at Whitefield's Old Tabernacle, when we could not have had less than sixteen hundred persons present. I feel it difficult to preserve spiritual simplicity amid much society; but being as much as possible alone with conscience and God is the remedy. We continue to get on well at Craven—great peace and many tokens of the presence of the Spirit."

Early in 1859 that wave of blessing which had rolled over America, and had brought healing and salvation to hundreds of thousands of diseased and dying souls, reached the North of Ireland. There, chiefly in the Presbyterian body, the truth which had been lying dormant in the minds of many was vitalized by the Holy Spirit, and multitudes were brought into the kingdom of Christ. By an arrangement with his Church my brother visited some of the principal scenes of the revival, and, like Barnabas, when he saw the grace of God was glad. It was his joy to be also a helper in the blessed work.

In one place where he preached, an incident occurred of an unusual character to him, though too usual there. In the midst of a very solemn discourse, the people were going out and coming in with the most apparent indifference. He stopped preaching, and addressed them on the irreverence of their conduct. He then offered them a choice, either that they should remain quiet, or he stop preaching. Their answer was practical; they remained attentive in their seats, and he finished his discourse. The minister came to him afterwards, and cordially thanked him, observing that he himself had never yet been able to preach a sermon without being interrupted by them.

This visit was profitable to more than the visitor himself. On his return home there appeared from his pen, in one of the leading religious papers, a letter, proving the movement, notwithstanding any human infirmity which might mingle with it, to be, in its main features and essence, of God. This letter has been given, in one of her excellent books, by Miss Marsh.

In a number of places, both in London and in the country, he gave a relation of his experience in his visit to Ireland, to the quickening of the zeal of Christians, and, in one instance in particular, to the salvation of many souls. In Reid's interesting volume, *Authentic Records of Revival*, pp. 415, 416, a notice of what we refer to will be seen. The subjoined letter is from an eye-witness.

"TWENTY YEARS AGO."

"I read some time ago, in *The Christian*, of the time of revival in England twenty years ago, and the features

which followed this wonderful awakening in the hearts of many through God's Holy Spirit. Saturday, 20th ult., was the anniversary of the first open demonstration of spiritual blessing in London, which took place at the Boys' Refuge, Great Queen Street, through the instrumentality of the late Rev. John Graham, whose name will ever be dear to those who saw this most solemn scene.

"I had been speaking one Sunday evening to the little boys in my class about the revival in Ireland, of which Mr. Graham, who had recently returned from there, was telling his flock at Craven Chapel, and of schools where the most hardened and wicked boys had been brought to confess their sins, and to accept Jesus for their only Saviour. One of the boys, who seemed deeply interested in what I was telling, said, 'Oh, teacher, wouldn't it be nice if that gentleman would come here and tell us too! Why don't you write to him, teacher, and ask him to come? I am sure lots of us might get converted too, and turn to Jesus.' 'Well,' I said, 'I will write and say that it is from you that the invitation comes.' I did so. Mr. Graham was a man with a large heart, and a sweet, condescending spirit. At once he was led to accept the poor refuge boy's invitation, and with the permission of the master, the late Mr. Wood, Mr. Graham appointed his own evening and time.

"We gathered a great number of children together, with the boys and girls of our refuges, and when he came we were all in happy, anxious expectation—looking to the Lord for a blessing on us all. While Mr. Graham was speaking the Holy Ghost came down in power, and the scene I witnessed then was overpowering,

and more than my poor heart could contain. The distress and agony of some of the children, especially the boys, was painful to see; then the transition to joy in some of them in finding the Saviour was most rapturous and grand. The scene was kept up all the night till early morn, and the following day it was just the same. Nearly all the boys were converted, and many girls. Then the blessed Spirit of God visited the Woolwich boys at the Arsenal, and many other schools in London were awakened. It was indeed a happy time. Although twenty years have rolled away since, yet it seems to me so fresh as if it were only yesterday.

J. L. M. VARNEY."

12, Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road, N.W.

Of a visit which he paid to the Channel Islands he writes:—

"St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, 22nd July, 1861.

"I have had a pleasant time, useful to my health, and I trust profitable to the cause of Christ. The Wesleyans are the most living Christians, and the most powerful, in these Islands. In Jersey last year they contributed £500 to foreign missions, and the Independents £101. I have been very busy in services daily. Yesterday we had the best congregations we have yet seen. On last Friday we had a meeting at St. Helier's to give an account of the revival of God's work in Ireland. It was by far the best meeting we have had, both as to numbers and impression. I trust God is helping me to do the work of a peace-maker as well as of an evangelist. What broods selfishness hatches in churches!"

October 7th, 1862, he writes from Dublin to Mr. Edward Burden, one of his esteemed helpers in the diaconate of Craven Chapel: "I am enjoying my visit very much, and trust doing something for the Lord at home and among the heathen; but my old friends work me very hard. . . . I should like to write to each of the deacons; but this would detract from the hours I give to open air and relaxation. . . . Give all the brethren my Christian love." His engagements for the last five days of his stay were—October 5th. Annual sermons for the London Missionary Society in the Congregational Church, Northumberland Avenue, Kingstown; 7th. In the Metropolitan Hall: Subject, 'Christian Union and Christian Missions;" 8th. The Baptist Chapel, Rathgar; 9th. Zion Chapel, King's Inn Street.

His recreation was, working in change of air.

He seldom published his sermons; but sometimes they were taken down and published without his knowledge. To this he alludes in a letter in July, 1856, while my father was on a visit to me. "I enclose for my father one of my sermons which I saw for sale the other day in a shop window. Mammon, while seeking to serve himself, may spread a few grains of truth. It was heard by at least three thousand at once, and is on the whole pretty fairly reported. How poor and unworthy an offering in the light of the glorious subject!"

He did, however, employ his pen as well as his tongue in the service of his blessed Master. I have found a worldly professor in my own neighbourhood, in hours of sickness, occupied with his little book, *The Pitcher and the Fountain.* Many have been profited by his *Dis-*

courses and Sketches of the Life and Death of Dr. Leifchild, George Wilson, Esq., and Edward Swaine, Esq. A number of his lectures also have gone forth into the world, and have probably done as much good in print as they did when uttered by the living voice to the thousands that heard them. Yet the living voice was seldom without important effect. We cite an instance. A gentleman, who had heard a lecture in Exeter Hall, said he seemed to be personally addressed; his very business was spoken of, and the thoughts working in his mind brought out, so as to set aside all his difficulties, and there and then he decided to continue his business as he was shown that in it he could serve the Lord. Why should not lectures prepared for the instruction and edification of souls, and delivered as in the presence of the Lord, have such effect as well as sermons?

CHAPTER VIII.

REMOVAL TO AUSTRALIA.

AS in Craven Chapel John Graham was so much beloved, and its moral and social atmosphere so congenial to him, and his work in it so blessed, the question naturally arises, Why did he leave it for another and untried sphere? Looking at things with the eye of reason only, and from the stand-point of his own personal happiness, it would not be easy to give a satisfactory answer to this question. We will permit himself to answer it. We give his answer with a slight abridgment.

"To the Church and Congregation worshipping in Craven Chapel, London.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"On the first Lord's-day of 1863 I little thought I should address to you such a communication, as I now do, on the first Lord's-day of 1864. Most of you know that I have been seriously pondering an invitation to remove from my present field of labour to one that opens in Sydney, New South Wales. Many will wonder

why I entertain it at all, as my present sphere of labour is so populous and important. Those who best know my relations to the flock of Christ in Craven Chapel, know that pastor and people are on terms of most cordial love and co-operation; that the shepherd is signally happy in a numerous, affectionate, and prosperous flock. This is most happily and perfectly true; and yet I am compelled seriously to entertain the question of going to labour in Australia. As I wish to put you in possession of some of my most decisive reflections on the subject, I beg to submit for your candid judgment the following thoughts, which, when pondering the path of duty for myself, I drew out on paper for my own satisfaction. There is frequent reference to myself in them; but that, as being inevitable, you will kindly excuse. You will also excuse my frequent reference to the holiest of all realities—the *will of God.* That blessed will concerning my path of service is what I most reverently seek to ascertain. A mistake in reference to *that* is what I tremble to commit. That I may clearly and satisfactorily 'know what is that good and perfect and acceptable will' in reference to me, I fervently ask your prayers. But let me give you some of my most mature reflections on why I should at the present time seriously entertain the idea of going to labour in Australia.

"I desire ever to feel, and act on, the conviction that I am not my own, but bought with a price; that creation, preservation, and redemption make me wholly and only the Lord's; that by self-consecration and public ordination I am the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe He governs His Church and directs His people; and that I am bound to serve Him wherever I believe I

can do so most efficiently, wherever He most needs my service, and wherever He appears to call me to serve.

"I believe He called me to Craven Chapel, and has been with me here to the present time. Then why think He now calls me elsewhere? I answer, A wide and effectual door appears unexpectedly opened to me in Sydney for preaching the gospel in Pitt Street Chapel, and for helping the work of God as far as I can in the Australian colonies generally. The Church formerly presided over by Dr. Ross, and more lately by Rev. W. Cuthbertson, has been now nearly two years without a pastor. It is, as I am informed, an influential and very important Church. It is the principal church of our faith and order in the capital of the oldest of the Australian colonies. It is in an increasing city of 100,000 souls—a city that stands on the highway to the Australian gold-fields and the great South Sea Missions. It is the centre of those rising colonial empires, to the sustaining care of whose churches South Sea Missions appear providentially to belong. To Sydney the *John Williams* comes for missionary supplies; thither she brings the exhausted labourers of Christ for mental and bodily recuperation. The Pitt Street Church and its pastor are brought into close and interesting relations to these missions and missionaries, and may help them much in the Lord. That Church, I believe, delights to do so. Its members, some of whom are widely influential for good, have helped in every good colonial work. They have struggled manfully for religious liberty and equality in the colonies, and they have rejoiced over the severance of the unhallowing connection of Church and State. They have given and laboured generously for Christ;

and they ask Him to move us to send them a pastor. They say, Come over and help us; and shall they appeal to us in vain?

"By those delegated by the Church in Sydney to choose a pastor for them, I have been invited to go on this service. The invitation, most Christian in its spirit and weighty in its arguments, is signed by brethren whose appeal and name command attention. They express unreserved conviction that my experience and talents qualify me for the work; and that the work, in its present effects and future issues, is most promising and momentous. The majority of these brethren have been there, and speak from observation and experience. On their views, both as regards myself and the work, I do lay great stress. It is but due to them to say that they do not ignore the interests of my present charge, and pray that I may do that, and only that, which shall prove to be the will of God.

"Several things, apparently providential, seem to indicate that the lot falls on me to go forth in answer to this call. My mind has, for several years, been turned to the subject of Australia's spiritual capabilities and wants. A very dear friend of mine spent nearly twenty-five years there. His letters and conversations, more than anything else, interested me in Australia, and made my heart to sorrow for the spiritual destitution of multitudes, for whose souls no man appears to care. Often did I inly say—What a noble field! What unwrought mines of spiritual wealth! What fearful ignorance and destitution! What Macedonian cries! But I never thought till lately that these cries appealed to myself to come over and help. I edited a little book

on Australia,* and it deepened my impressions, and called some attention to the editor. As the Rev. J. L. Poore did not return in time to advocate the claims of the Australian Colonies at the late Autumnal Union Meetings in Liverpool, I was asked to take his place and do so. I studied afresh the spiritual wants of the colonies, and urged their claims on others. A tried and earnest friend of the colonies said to me—'Our principal church in New South Wales wants a pastor, who may help the work generally; why should not you say, "Lord, here am I, send me"? Nowhere do I know a field of greater importance than that now craving a labourer in Pitt Street Chapel, Sydney.' I felt the force of the appeal, but as I had no direct call to go, I contented myself with purposing to do more than I had before attempted for the colonies.

"The invitation, unsought and almost feared, has at length formally and urgently come before me, appealing to nothing secular, but to all that is most sacred in my heart.

"In regard to it I have collected all the information I can, and have consulted wise and spiritual brethren. Without an exception all think the field most important, express their belief in my adaptation to it, and wish that I may go. On these judgments I lay not a little stress.

"I have earnestly tried to get my mind brought to purity of motive and completeness of submission to the will of God. I have importunately and sincerely besought God for His promised direction or restraint. I

* *Lawrence Struleby; or, Twenty-five Years of Bush Life in Australia.* Longman & Co.

have tried to read every indication of His will in providential events and in the leading of His Spirit. I am compelled to say that, though all is not light and I long for more, yet outward and inward indications appear to point my path to the Great Southern field. I am thankful that temporal advantages do not come in to bias my judgment. I minister to a people who minister abundantly to my wants. Peace and comfort would say, 'Avoid the vexations of change, the tedium and perils of a long voyage, and the uncertainties attaching to a new people and a distant field.' Social feeling says, 'Stay within reach of relatives most loving and beloved, and among friends and fellow-workers who reciprocate your affection and respect.' I deeply, through all my nature, feel the force of these appeals; but still a more commanding voice seems to make itself steadily heard, and to say: 'Go thou and win souls to Christ at the ends of the earth.' All the previous experience, acquisitions, and discipline of my life, appear to fit me for this work; and no one else of suitable qualifications comes forward. The number of brethren engaged in Australia is too small for so vast a field, with its energetic, teeming, ever-increasing population. It is said, my giving myself to this work would awaken more attention here to the work of God there, and encourage brethren who toil in comparative isolation in the colonial field. I should be sorry to estimate my feeble influence too highly, yet I cannot but trust that my working for Christ in Australia would in several ways serve His cause there. Many might fill my post here, who would not see their way to leave home and country for that far land; and yet Christ's sheep there must be fed, and the souls of men

must not perish unsought. All this appears to point to my going to Sydney in response to the Church's call. If I go these are the considerations that impel me. If others cross the deep to dig for golden treasures, should I shrink from going to raise spiritual wealth for the kingdom of Christ? If others go into the wilderness to feed flocks and herds that perish, should I shrink from going to the city to feed the flock of Christ, 'which He hath purchased with His own blood'? While my weightiest reason lies in the work to be done and my apparent call to do it, subordinate motives have some force. The incessant work of nearly nine years in London tells on both body and mind. That work has been my delight; and in studying and preaching the gospel of the grace of God, I trust I shall ever find my chief joy; but by taking my ministerial acquisitions and experience to labour in a field so new, I think I might do as much work, do it better, and with less exhaustion of mind and body. This motive has some force. Besides, I believe the health of my family, especially that of my little boy, would be improved by the climate of Australia. These are very minor motives, but still they are allowable motives.

"Are there no objections, however, to such a change? Many. Some are purely personal. By remaining where I am I should avoid all the trouble of breaking up my home and forming a new one, and all the peril of a long voyage to the antipodes. The responsibility of embarking on this voyage with those dearer to me than myself feels deeply solemn, and such as nothing but a sense of duty and trust in God could overcome. But, as my wife, while feeling inexpressible grief at parting

with our friends, is yet willing for Christ's sake to trust herself and our child to our heavenly Father's care on the deep, the voyage ceases to be an insuperable objection, and may prove a blessing. Who can tell but on it God may have something for me to do in connection with the kingdom of His Son? Even if death should come on the great deep, God is there; from thence too there is a path to glory; and death would, I trust, be gain.

"The pain of parting from beloved relatives and friends is very great; but when duty calls it should be done. God's presence and love can compensate it; and pure friendships are to be soon renewed in heaven. I may be enabled to cheer many hearts at the antipodes and have the joy of leading wanderers there to a reconciled God.

"My greatest difficulty by far, however, is to leave my beloved people in Craven Chapel. They are endeared to me by many ties; principally by their solid worth; by their earnest, working, prayerful piety; by the utter absence of insubordination and faction among them. To a people more liberal to Christ's cause, in proportion to their means, I do not expect ever to minister; or to a people who give a pastor less trouble in any way. They are neither individually nor collectively perfect; some few, I fear, are lukewarm and neglect the house of God, but I do not expect ever to meet a Church with whom I shall have more peace and joy. The Church contains nearly one thousand communicants; and our ordinance days are singularly impressive and joyful.

"My brethren, the deacons, are faithful and self-deny-

ing helpers in the Lord. They consult my wants and wishes as much as I can reasonably desire. They are all among my most esteemed friends in Christ. To a call to remove from Craven Chapel to any other Church in Britain, I would not listen for an hour; but the present call is to go far hence, to minister among my fellow-men that deeply need ministry, and where I am more required, I believe, than in Craven Chapel.

"In the meantime I am open to, and covetous of, all indications of the will of God. If I be mistaken, I fervently implore the God of my life to show me my mistake and to prevent it. Lord, teach me THY will, and guide me in a plain path, for thy great name's sake! Amen.

"Such, dear friends, have been my principal reflections on this, to me most solemn, step in life. I have endeavoured to ponder the paths of my feet. I have tried to count the cost. I read these thoughts some ten days since to the deacons. They received them as, I think, men should, who desire to consult the will of God. They expressed to me their grief and anticipated yours; but, like myself, were compelled to wait and see what the will of the Lord is. Since then they sent a deputation of their number to ask me to reconsider the matter, and to assure me of their and your appreciation of my ministry in this place."

In reconsidering the question, as requested by the Church in Craven, he not only weighed the subject himself before the Lord, but invited the Rev. Joshua Harrison and myself to meet at his house for prayer and counsel. There the subject was honestly canvassed, and earnest supplication offered to God for his guidance. I

am not aware that in his conviction of the divine call to go to Australia he ever wavered.

When his final decision was given, the conduct of the church and congregation reflects great credit on their Christian character. They held a crowded valedictory meeting, and presented him with the following address, and the substantial tokens of esteem referred to in it. This address is so wisely worded, so comprehensive, and its matter so condensed, that I could not think of omitting a sentence of it:

"Address from the Church and Congregation, presented to the Rev. John Graham, at the valedictory service held in Craven Chapel.

"March 31st, 1864.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"We, the members of the church and congregation assembling in Craven Chapel, have received with the deepest regret your resignation of the pastorate.

"We are persuaded that nothing but a deep sense of duty, in obedience to what you believe to be the voice of God calling you to another sphere of labour, would have led you to withdraw from a church where your ministrations have been so abundantly blessed, and where your union with the people has been cemented by much pastoral intercourse and hallowed affection.

"Recognizing, as we do, the will of the Lord, we accept your resignation; assuring you of our sincere love and esteem, and of our high appreciation of your earnest and successful labours amongst us for a period of nearly nine years.

"You have, through God's blessing, been largely

instrumental in reviving the cause of Christ in Craven Chapel from a comparatively low ebb to its former state of spiritual prosperity. Our various societies owe much of their efficiency to your successful appeals on their behalf, to your wise counsels and watchful oversight. The Church has been edified, and 'walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, has been multiplied.' Your labours have not been confined to your own congregation; many weak churches in our denomination have been benefited by your ready aid. You have been a co-worker with beloved and honoured brethren of the various evangelical denominations, in preaching the gospel in the halls and theatres of our 'million-peopled' city. Our colleges and schools have had a large share of your earnest efforts. Our missions, home, colonial, and foreign, have found in you an earnest advocate. The great world-wide interests of civil and religious freedom have not failed to receive from you a most hearty sympathy. All your ministrations have been characterized by a prominent exhibition of the gospel of the grace of God, which has proved itself 'the power of God unto salvation' to many that have believed. We fully concur in the sentiments recently expressed by Lord Shaftesbury, while presiding over a great meeting in Exeter Hall, 'That you have held the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, to be the rule of life, and the way of everlasting salvation.' With him and that assembly we earnestly pray, 'that you may be the honoured instrument of leading thousands, and tens of thousands, to the knowledge and love of the gospel in the land of your adoption.'

"Before you depart for your distant field of labour we wish to present you with the accompanying gift, as a token of the esteem and love of a people among whom you have spent many happy years and prosperous days.

"To Mrs. Graham, who by her amiability and eminently Christian character has greatly endeared herself to all the members of the church, we tender our most cordial regards and love. In all the varied departments of our benevolent operations she has ever lent a wise and willing hand. We request her acceptance of the accompanying memento of the esteem in which she has been held by us.

"And now, dear sir, we commend you and your dear wife and beloved child to the protection and blessing of Almighty God, with the earnest prayer that He may give His angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways, and at last 'present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.'

"Signed on behalf of the church and congregation,

"JOHN CUTTING,
"EDWARD M. BURDEN,
"J. K. KILPIN,
"JAMES ADENEY,
"JOHN R. MUMMERY,
"GEORGE A. NODES,
"J. H. TROUNCER, M.D.,
"JOSIAS ALEXANDER,
} *Deacons.*"

Mr. Kilpin then presented him with a purse containing, with subsequent additions, £250, and a gold watch and chain for Mrs. Graham. My brother was deeply moved. From his reply I give a few sentences.

"My dear Friends,

"I should not have the heart of either a Christian man or Christian minister could I receive unmoved your valuable presentation, and still more valuable address. . . . I find it impossible in equal space to reply to all the kind things it says. But first of all let me say I dare not appropriate all the praise it gives. I am conscious of having had earnest desire, and of having put forth earnest effort, to save and serve the souls of men in this place; but of any and all success I have had I desire from my heart to give all the praise to the God of my ministry and salvation. . . .

"Next Lord's-day it will be exactly nine years since I preached my first sermon in this pulpit, and though I have sometimes been worn with work, and have not been without trials and cares, yet these nine years have been the most continuously happy of the years of my life or ministry. . . . God has been pleased to give me success in the preaching of His word. The amount and explicitness of that success has often made me wonder and adore in presence of the mercy that stooped so low in making me its instrument in reconciling men to God. When repeatedly hearing letters read in which the writers attributed their conversion to my preaching, my heart has been overwhelmed with a consciousness of its own defects before God, and I have only said, 'Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.' Yet it would be false humility not to own that, as you say, mine has been an earnest and evangelical ministry. I have felt something of the momentous responsibilities of one who is the herald of life and salvation to dying men. With me it

is an unalterable conviction, because a personal constant experience, that God's favour and love alone can fill the human spirit's receptivity of happiness. I have looked on my congregation as deathless capacities to be filled with the fulness of God, or to remain empty and wretched for ever. I have therefore with earnestness cried, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' When souls are brought to Christ, they are to be agents as well as recipients of salvation, and I have tried to enlist them in God's work so soon as I saw what work they could do. . . .

"We can never cease to remember you, and pray for you. . . . We go forth on a solemn, responsible mission, involving present sacrifice and loss, and possible future perils of sea and land. We go forth under a deep sense of our inability to do aught permanent or good without the Lord; but we go forth assured of a heavenly Father's watchful love, and sustained by your loving sympathies and prayers. We hope to meet and feed another loving flock; but no future associations shall ever obliterate the remembrance of our dear friends, the friends of Christ in Craven Chapel. We shall try to bring others to meet you in heaven. The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all for evermore."

At that meeting the chairman, Mr. Samuel Morley, expressed "the very deep personal respect" he entertained for "the honoured friend" they were parting with, his sympathy with the church he was leaving, and looking at the purity of the motive which actuated him, he wished him God-speed in the great and solemn enterprize to which he was devoting himself.

Of the seven ministerial friends who on that occasion

spoke in kind and affectionate terms of the subject of this Memoir, four have since passed away to the presence of the Lord. Dr. John Guthrie, one of the kindest and best of men, presented to his loved and loving friend an address from Tolmer's Square Church. Last year I had the mournful privilege of walking with him to the brink of the Jordan, and of witnessing the calm, unshaken confidence with which he was prepared to cross it. Anketel M. Henderson, a still older friend (who spoke with warmth of his "esteemed brother," and of the blessing which had rested on him since first they met in Belfast seventeen years before), after preaching the gospel to crowded congregations in Melbourne for about a decade of years, while on his way back to England, and resting in Canada, was called to begin his everlasting rest with the Lord. The venerable James Stratten, who spoke from his chair, J. L. Poore, and Dr. Ferguson, who was present, are also gone.

The Revs. Dr. Landels, Newman Hall, and B. Brown are the only other ministers who addressed the crowded meeting on that occasion who remain. What emphasis this solemn fact gives to the call, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

On the 4th of the next month (April, 1864), accompanied by a number of loving and proved friends, John Graham, with his wife and son, his only child, embarked on board the *William Duthie* at Gravesend for his home and work at the antipodes. We held a service on board; and as we knew "the sea is His; for He made it," we besought the Lord to give the winds and waves charge concerning our beloved friends, and to take them in safety to their desired haven.

It was not likely that John Graham would wait till he reached Sydney to renew his work in trying to win sinners to Christ. He was well known to the captain, who was a Christian, and who felt it a privilege to have him on board. At once he began to commend his Master. He daily gathered around the saloon table, for reading the word of God, and for singing hymns, and prayer, all who would attend. On Sundays he preached on deck, and when the weather was unfavourable in the forecastle or saloon.

On Friday, the 24th of June, the *William Duthie* sighted the Sydney Heads, when it began to blow a strong gale. As several vessels had been lost in and around those Heads, and as their "ship pitched like a cork on the waves," fear arose in many minds on board. In the midst of the gale my brother wrote: "I feel we are in the hand of God. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' My darling child is fast asleep, and myself and my wife lift our hearts to that Father who we know loves us, and in whose hand are winds and waves." That Father did not fail them; they entered Sydney harbour in safety. Soon the deacons of Pitt Street Church were alongside the ship in a steamer to welcome them, and take them ashore, where the late Mr. Fairfax waited with his carriage to convey them to his own house. On the following Lord's-day John Graham, with a glad and thankful heart, commenced his ministry in Pitt Street.

CHAPTER IX.

MINISTRY IN AUSTRALIA.

ONE of the ardent desires of John Graham's heart was now accomplished. He wished to gather jewels for Christ's crown in Australia, and now he was there. We have yet to see whether he was divinely led to that interesting land, and whether his hopes were realized.

In sending home a journal of his voyage, he says, "We are well, happy, and useful. . . . We are daily seeing more and more reason for our being brought here." This remark will be best illustrated by the fact that in less than four months the place became too strait for the congregations; but the generous and liberal-minded Church in Pitt Street did not long hesitate as to what was to be done. They resolved that none should be shut out from a preached gospel, and at once set about enlargement. In reference to this, my brother writes, Oct. 21st, 1864. As there are several points of interest in his letter, I give it at pretty full length: "Since last I wrote I have been over 'the Blue Mountains' to Bathurst, to get old Mr. K—— to sell us a property next our chapel, in Pitt Street, as we want to enlarge, so that

our chapel will be larger and hold more people than Craven. . . . Mr. K—— never would consent to sell to Pitt Street people before. He came to hear me preach in Bathurst. God, I trust, touched his heart, and he not only consented to sell, but to sell reasonably; that is, for £3,500. Our friends have written to accept, and I trust before twelve months we shall have more space for hearers. On Sunday evenings many have to go away, and we are over-crowded. Last Church-meeting we admitted twenty members, and we have the best week-evening congregations I ever had anywhere. God appears to smile on all our proceedings.

"I have been requested to take our students once a week for Greek Testament. I had them to-day for the first time, and greatly rejoice in the opportunity of usefulness, and in the necessity it will lay on me to keep up a most important department of reading that will react beneficially on my preaching. My hands, and head, and heart are full of important, happy work. I had a fine holiday at Bathurst, and met General Stewart's son, cousin to Stewart, James's companion in the wilderness (Duncan. See Struleby). They were profoundly moved to hear how their relative died. . . . Would I could see you all; but eternity is near."

The Mr. Stewart here referred to as "James's companion" died of hunger and exhaustion, while my eldest brother and he were exploring the territory around the "Blue Mountains." After their horses, and dogs, and men had all died of exhaustion and thirst, and they themselves and one black man alone remained, my brother carried Mr. Stewart until he could proceed no farther. Mr. Stewart then entreated to be left. Before

their sorrowful parting, they knelt down on the burning sand, and Mr. Stewart poured out a prayer to God, based on the atoning work of Christ, surpassing in its earnestness and affecting character anything my brother had ever heard. As he had pressed my brother to proceed farther than he deemed safe, he asked his forgiveness, and committed him as well as his own soul to the Lord. They then embraced each other, and parted to meet no more on earth. My brother walked on till he almost reached the nearest water, when he fell exhausted; but his humane black companion carried water to him until he revived. He lived to return to his native land, and for twenty-five years to serve and confess Christ in it. In the autumn of 1878, I spent some days with him in his home in the north of Ireland. He then seemed to me, with one exception, the holiest man I met in a tour of several weeks in that country. I found him absorbed in his New Testament, which, he told me, he read through every month. All our conversation was on the truth. By his own prayerful reading he had seen "that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the Lord Jesus," and rejoiced in it. Though he was unwell, he attended nearly all the services which I held in different places of worship in Omagh, and greatly enjoyed the truth. Early last year his illness suddenly increased, and in a few days his sanctified spirit departed to be for ever with the Lord. With both him and his friend Stewart the wilderness is now past, and they have joined each other in that land where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

At the close of my brother John's first anniversary he writes: "With unfeigned pleasure I received your letter

of last mail. I rejoice in your success at Shepherd's Bush. You are evidently toiling on and waiting for the coming of the Lord. All the news from Europe and America is of solemn import. Poor honest Abraham Lincoln—the liberator and martyr! . . . Surely heaven is the land of the leal, and its treasures of truth and goodness are growing daily more rich from the spoils of earth. I often would that I were there; but I rather would that I were more faithful here during life's brief day of service. We have added about a hundred to the Church, mostly from the world, during the past year. We are prosperous; but oh for deeper, sweeter oneness with the supreme goodness and truth—the holy, blessed One!

"We tried to get a satisfactory plan for enlarging our old chapel, but failed, and so must build one that will, I suppose, cost £20,000, ground and all. . . . There have been several fires in Sydney of late that create great demand for rebuilding. The great Roman Catholic Cathedral was the most splendid pile of flame I ever saw. Last night £100,000 worth of stores went up in smoke while my anniversary was being held. What poor treasure are earthly things! My health is much improved. . . . We often think and speak of you all. I fear my heart will be home-sick ere seven years; but our true home is with the Lord. How blessed to meet in the light of His love! Peace be for ever with you all."

In the following October he writes: "God still gives us proofs of His condescension. Last Sunday evening I preached in the theatre to a great audience, among whom were Roman Catholics, and many who never hear the gospel. The weight of truth appeared to be felt."

In January, 1866, the enlargement of the church began. The suspension of the services in Pitt Street turned out for the furtherance of the gospel, as it sent the preacher to where many heard the word who probably would not otherwise have come under the sound of his voice. January 22nd he writes: "Our Church in Pitt Street is being enlarged, and on Sundays we worship in our largest theatre, which in the evenings is crowded. Yesterday I preached from Heb. ii. 10, and I trust it was to some the power of God unto salvation. I am much encouraged, but want a greater ingathering to the Lord. On the 12th inst., by 'proclamation,' the day was observed as one of humiliation and prayer for rain; and although on the following Sunday Mr. Pillar, the Unitarian minister, preached on 'the folly of the fast,' God has signally answered prayer, and I trust a salutary effect has been produced on the community in favour of godliness. We hold our week evening services in St. George's Church (Presbyterian), and on the morning of the 12th we were crowded with a most influential congregation.

"Our people have made up upwards of £8,500 already towards site and enlargement. We hope to open clear of debt, and then begin schools for a thousand children. . . . . Last week we formed a Congregational Union for New South Wales. The communion was numerously attended, and was profoundly impressive and edifying. I know no sphere anywhere I would, on the whole, and while such work goes on, prefer to Sydney."

Again he writes with thankfulness for his theatre services. But the godly worker who knows the perils

of success, and every Christian who knows the danger of imbibing infection from the tainted atmosphere around us, will be thankful to see his jealousy and watchfulness that his heart should be right with God. Dec. 23rd, 1867, he writes:

"In this land of secularity I find it no easy matter to keep in a spirit of earnest work and prayer. . . . . Just before your letter came I had been refreshing my spirit with a couple of chapters of *Christ our Light*. . . . . I have been preaching two series of sermons lately on Israel's deliverance and progress through the wilderness, and on the spirit world, including the immortality of the soul, the Great Spirit, the state after death, the resurrection, judgment, angels. I have found them give interest in reading, and enlargement to my own mind; but I am not so sure that they have been fruitful in conversions. For this latter I must gird myself up afresh."

In this letter he says: "We have Howard Reed, Esq., one of the editors of the *Herald*, living with us. He is son of the late Dr. Andrew Reed, of Wycliffe Chapel. He is a remarkably nice, gentlemanly, Christian man, and is a great comfort to us."

He was now in his enlarged chapel, and he and his friends had the joy of seeing it filled with attentive, interested hearers. But knowing the words of the apostle, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another" (Rom. xiii. 8), he hated debt, and could not remain quiet under it. Nov. 5th, 1868, he writes: "We are trying hard to wipe off the last £3,000 of our debt before my next anniversary. . . . We have no public to appeal to here. We do all within ourselves."

With Adams, the Puritan, he well knew that the

Church might flourish in her buildings, and starve in her members; and that in all ages absorption in the outward implied the neglect of the inward. He was also impressed with the conviction that the hope of the Church, as well as of the world, is in the young. He therefore goes on to say: "We are praying and working earnestly here just now for a work of God amongst the young. Last evening we met two hundred young persons, and tried to bring the weightiest truth to bear on them. I believe there is a deep stir in the hearts of many amongst us just now. I long for days of the right hand of the Lord. May He send them soon! The signs of the times are very portentous, and I expect awful utterances of divine judgment ere long. How happy to be nestled under the wing of the Lord! . . . . I do not expect to see England for five years yet. But, indeed, I prefer not calculating on the uncertain future."

In his annual address to the Church, March, 1869, he says: "We are permitted again to present to you some account of our collective efforts and offerings through another year. In our Church capacity we have been enabled to give the highly creditable and, I may say, generous sum of £3,641 3s. 8d. This is the amount which we have given publicly and collectively. I have no doubt that to the poor and distressed, and to the spread of the gospel, most of us have privately given amounts that none but He knoweth to whom the secrets of our heart and life are known." In his theology, giving to God was more than a fruit, it was also a means, of grace. He therefore adds: "Pure, godly, large-hearted liberality is one important constituent of 'charity,' the bond of perfectness, and crown of all the Christian

graces. The unselfish, faithful stewardship of our talents in Christ's kingdom here, is undoubtedly a main part of our preparation for higher service in a future life.

"It is an important element of Christian wisdom to know the portion of our income that we should devote to objects beyond ourselves and our families, that which is specially the Lord's portion. When we intelligently and conscientiously each lay up in store as the Lord hath prospered us, so that we can with a clear conscience say we have done what we could, then we are called on to weigh the claims which come before us, and give according to the merits of each. . . .

"We are not, however, to forget that we have other talents, as well as worldly substance, to be used and accounted for. Every faculty of the mind, every affection of the heart, every element of power and influence is a talent from God, and to be used in consecration to Him. It is evident, therefore, that faithful stewardship implies personal service. . . . From the very nature and conditions of our being, personal service is indispensable as proof and exercise of spiritual life in our souls. As certainly as you cannot delegate to another the eating of your daily bread, nor the taking of bodily exercise, so certainly you cannot delegate to others the use of those means which nourish and exercise spiritual life. It will not do to enter heaven by proxy, nor by proxy to walk in the narrow way that leads to it. It is well that the sick should be visited and relieved by any one, and that by any one the ignorant should be instructed. But if you do not personally take part in the work you will lose its present heart-culture and joy as well as its future crown." This personal service he enforces by

considerations drawn from the Fatherhood of God; the assumption of our nature by Christ, and His atoning death to set before us an example of divine benevolence; the love of the Spirit; the claims of the afflicted on our compassion; the brief day of our service; the joys of benevolence; the holy stimulus of such an example; and, finally, our approval at the judgment-seat of Christ.

He had, as we think every right-minded man must have, a strong abhorrence of war, believing it should only be engaged in under the direst necessity. As a consequence he had deep sympathy with all who innocently suffered from it. In this feeling, as the following extract will show, the Pitt Street Church shared with him: "Nov. 3rd, 1870. Next Sunday I am to preach, and make collections on behalf of the wounded in this frightful Franco-Prussian war. I never so longed for the coming of the Prince of Peace. What a weight of blood on Napoleon's soul! By this time you know three weeks' later news; and oh, how much that may imply! Our joy is that the wrath of man must praise our Father, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain." Both in his domestic and ministerial sphere he continued blest and happy. He adds: "Jemmie is well, and Matilda better, and our friends and congregations kind and good."

To this iniquitous and destructive war he again refers, March 23rd, 1871: "Our hearts have been sad and heavy concerning your ruinous Franco-Prussian war. My conviction all along has been that the licentiousness, ferocity, and infidelity of France needed a fearful scourge, and it has received it."

My brother inherited not a little of the natural courage of his father, but had underlying it confidence in God

and His truth. He was not afraid, when the cause of Christ seemed to require it, to break a lance with a formidable opponent. The Jewish Rabbi of Sydney appeared to think there was no Christian minister in the city sufficiently armed to meet him in controversy. He assumed a tone to this effect, and threw down to his Christian fellow-citizens the gage of battle. He met an antagonist with panoply and power he had not anticipated, who shivered his armour, and slew him with his own sword. The story is modestly told in the following extract:

"September 6th, 1871.

"I have lately had a long and rather exciting controversy, in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, with Rabbi Davis of this city, on the points of difference between Jew and Christian. It excited unusual interest among the Jews. I have followed it up by two lectures on 'Points of Contact and Contrast between the Talmud and the Gospels.' I trust it has done myself good by making the foundations firmer under my feet, and the glory of Christ brighter to my eye." The reader will not need to be told that if it did this to the controversialist and lecturer, it did not fail to do the same to many others. His victory was decided, and brought him the thanks and congratulations of the friends of truth.

His constitution was strong and his health good, but he could not help feeling the strain of incessant mental and bodily labour. Besides, his wife's health, as well as his own, required change and rest. November 2nd, 1871, he says: "We may visit England some time next year, but I am compelled to leave the future in the hand of God." He worked on, however, through another year,

making known the glad tidings of salvation to large assemblies, and building up souls in the truth, until January, 1873, when he writes: "My Church has given me leave of absence, and pays our expenses to Europe for twelve months; and, as I do not feel my work here is done yet, I accept the offer and pledge faith, God willing, to return. We hope to leave by the mail, February 25th, and visit Ceylon, Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar, on our way, and will arrive in London in May. . . . We rejoice in the prospect of having rest, together with pleasant variety in travel, and, above all, to see our dear old friends, and the ever memorable scenes of youth and labour. Among the most truly pleasant prospects is that of seeing yourself, and dear, true-hearted Anna and your children. Pray for us, that we may have a prosperous voyage by the will of God, and that our higher life may be deepened and strengthened by the change.

"I rejoice to say God's work appears to prosper much in our Church. I trust the sheep will be led into green pastures in my absence.

"You will see how time has wrought on us. The rest of the voyage may fill up some of his furrows, but cannot unblanch white hairs. But the poor body must give in to decay some time.

"I am preaching a series of discourses on 'Eternal Life,' in which I am much interested. I wish I may have time to write them out, and publish them in London, and send them back as a souvenir to the people." He did write them out in my study, and they form the substance of his book, *Eternal Life in Possession and Prospect*, published by Messrs. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO ENGLAND.

THE subject of this memoir had long been possessed by an ardent desire to visit Egypt and Rome. Both he could not visit to advantage in the time allotted to him. He therefore decided on giving all his spare time to Rome. The result of his observations on the "eternal city" he afterwards embodied in three lectures, which he delivered in Australia and this country. He had a travelling companion, of whom he gives the following account:

"My companion, a Bombay Brahmin, who wore thirty-nine feet of linen in a turban on his head, got no cold or fever; nor did I, because I took the precaution of having a light cap and coat to draw on in churches and other cool retreats. I know of few hints more needful than this to intending travellers in Italy.

"Here let me say a word of my fellow-traveller, the Rev. Nerayan Sheshadrai—for so his mother called him—"lord of the ocean and king of the great serpent She." I never travelled anywhere with a pleasanter, a more godly, or vivacious and inquiring traveller. Some

five of the most interesting weeks of my life were spent in his society. His dark complexion, white teeth, and fine dark eyes, were set off by a snowy towering turban and by his native costume—the flowing choga and engarka. When put under my direction through Italy, I one day found him in an unusually perplexed state. He soon revealed the cause. His friends in India had furnished him with a black cloth clerical suit to wear in Europe. He thought he ought to don them in Italy. He tried them, but felt in fetters. He looked in the glass, but darkness was more dark—a pillar, not of salt, but coal. He appealed to me as a minister; for he himself was a pastor of twenty years' standing in the Free Church Missions of India. I saw the change of costume would make him miserable, and shear him of half his special attractions to either Italians or Scotchmen, and therefore exhorted him to sell his new suit, or, if his rank would not allow of that, to transfer it to some beggar or to the sea. He almost leaped with delight; and he afterwards did not lack observers, either in Italian galleries and churches, or in Scotch pulpits. I found his companionship sometimes a little awkward, for if in the narrow streets of Rome he walked before me, I was taken as the secretary, perhaps servant, of the Nabob; and if he would make me go first, he was often taken as the servant of an Indian official, and would be treated as a servant. We settled the matter by taking each other's arm, and this often caused explosions of laughter from the young, and smiles from the grave. But we agreed that it made the Italians more happy, and did us no harm. One day, on a steamer on Lake Como, my friend, to his astonishment, attracted and amused a crowd of

passengers. He was cold, and in settling his rug on him I placed over his shoulder the savage head of a Bengal tiger in flaming scarlet. The Brahmin's head and the tiger's was a sight too much for Italian risibles. He came to me in perplexity to know why they were laughing and gazing, and when he knew it he benevolently continued the joke. Good man! he had 1300 Hindoo children in his schools, and of these hundreds were led to Christ. Such was my companion; decidedly the most pious, unselfish, theological, pleasant man I ever travelled with so long. I met him afterwards in Belfast, and it was refreshing to be hailed with such undissembled Christian love. Peace and blessing with my dear friend Nerayan Sheshadrai."

With the Mariolatry, which he everywhere witnessed, he was deeply and painfully impressed.

"The month of May is that specially dedicated to the *cultus* of Mary, and this month I spent principally in Rome in 1873.

"In every church special dispensations were advertized for those who in that month adored Mary. Above every altar a splendid Madonna, generally in life-size and in gorgeous jewellery, was exhibited, and also a little Jesus. Dressed they were as you might suppose a French marchioness and her son in the days of Louis XIV. The Madonna towered above the Saviour, and appeared to be much more in honour. I honour the holy mother of our Lord, and I honour the conception of perfect womanhood and pure, tender maternity embodied in her; but I fear she is as much a goddess to the mass of Roman Catholics as were Juno at Rome, Diana at Ephesus, or Minerva at Athens. 'Thou shalt

not bow down to them, nor worship them,' fairly obeyed, would lift up millions that now fall prostrate before her images and shrines. The present Pope, Pius IX., has, alas! by his dogma of 'the immaculate conception' of Mary, smoothed and sloped the way to a growing Mariolatry, that, with his other dogma of his own official infallibility, appears to me the darkest sign of the Roman Catholic Church, and of Rome its metropolis. That column of the immaculate conception (or rather of the Bull to establish it in 1854) opposite the Propaganda Fide, in the Piazza di Spagna, commemorates one of the crowning acts of her fearful superstition, and was to me one of the saddest objects in Rome. The high class Brahmin who accompanied me, after seeing the worship of Mary and the ceremonies in the churches in her honour, said to me, 'A priest, Father L——, told me to keep my eyes open in Rome, and I should become a Roman Catholic; but all this is too like what I left in my heathen state, and too unlike the New Testament for me to embrace it.'

"Mr. Carlyle has truly said, 'A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him—the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there; that is, in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest.' The degenerate religion of Rome in its sacerdotal doctrines and splendid ceremonies does not exalt the people, and build up a religious intelligence and 'reasonable service,' such as the constant preaching of the gospel and the pure spiritual worship of God would do. A medical friend of mine said to an apothecary, who stood

at his own door and appeared reverential as the procession of the host passed by, 'What do you think of that?' His reply was quick and emphatic, 'C'est un veritable farce.' This is the verdict of multitudes of thoughtful Italians concerning the doctrine while they salute the procession.

"These processions may awe the vulgar and gratify the æsthetic; but they are a poor bulwark against infidelity, and rather help its inrush. Rome has at present about eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-two persons in ecclesiastical service within her walls, or preparing for that service; yet I question whether there be so dirty, immoral, or unbelieving capital in Europe."

While my brother did not exclude any form of corrupted Christianity, such as the Greek Church and Anglican Ritualism, from his idea, he considered Popery as essentially identical with the Babylon of Rev. xvii. Hence he says: "Through the glass of prophecy John saw the Roman Church (Rev. xvii.) as a corporate body unfaithful to Christ, and in unholy fellowship with the kings of the earth, sustained by persecuting temporal power. He saw her as a harlot on a scarlet-coloured beast. 'And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, and having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations' (that is idolatries) 'and filthiness of her fornication.' (Rev. xvii. 4.)

"Here the false and fallen Church is represented as the very opposite of the true, chaste, humble bride of Christ, who by holiness is making herself ready for her union with Him in His glory. The false and fallen Church shows herself in all the carnal splendour earth can give, seated on the beast of carnal power.

"Rome is still gorgeous with gems and gold in her altars, churches, vestments, and hierarchy. In looking at the gaudy splendour of that Church in her seat at Rome, how many, many times did these words rise to my mind, 'Arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls!' How is it that her scarlet-robed cardinals and gorgeous officiating priests cannot read in their very vestments and services the marks of apostacy from the simple, spiritual worship of God, and their relapse into carnality and worldliness!

"The harlot's cup is full of abominations; that is, in Scripture designation, idolatries. Is this not true? Does not Rome cause the peoples, and nations, and tongues—'the waters on which the harlot sits'—to worship a bit of bread after some words of consecration; to worship relics, saints, and angels? And has she not promulgated the doctrine of the immaculate conception to render the worship of Mary more consistent and universal? This idolatry, to which the Roman Catholic Church is surrendering herself more and more, is, in my judgment, filling to the brim her cup of guilt and condemnation.

"Everything in prophecy and in history shows that 'Mystery, Babylon the great,' is the Roman Catholic Church, and that the Papacy is anti-Christian. My reading and study have proved this, not only to my satisfaction, but to my deepest horror and grief. And if we ever sounded in the ears of our fellow-men the warning, we should do so now: 'Come out of her, my people, that ye partake not of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' And we should utter this warning, too, in the ears of many nominal Protestants,

who, in the National Church of this country, drink of the wine of Rome's priestly doctrines and sensuous worship, and are being allured thereby back into her ranks. Perhaps the best way, after warning, is to make sure that we offer them the wine of God's love in Christ, and set before them the example of worship in spirit and in truth."

His "rest" in England he utilized in obtaining help from his Christian friends to found a library for Camden College. In his circular on this subject he says: "The deepest and most pressing want of Australia, for the evangelization of her multiplying population, is an increased supply of well-instructed, earnest Christian ministers. We find by experience that the supply from home is precarious and inadequate. To meet this want in New South Wales the Congregationalists of that colony purchased a most eligible house and grounds as a school for the thorough education of youth, and a college (known as Camden College) for the training of students for the Christian ministry. The school has been eminently successful, and the college has already, by God's blessing, trained and sent forth twelve young men, who are laboriously and successfully doing the work of pastors or evangelists. Seven are now in process of training. The course of study is for four years, and comprises classics, mathematics, logic, systematic theology, homiletics, and Biblical exegesis. For these branches three tutors are engaged. The friends of the college have sustained it liberally by their contributions, but they are few, and have much to tax their resources. The college has no library, and deeply needs one. The Council commissioned me, on my visit home, to appeal

to the friends of Christ who take an interest in the colonies, to aid them in founding a library for the instruction not only of the present students, but those of coming generations."

His appeal was not unsuccessful. From a few churches, and several Christian friends, he received in money £500. Many also gave him presents of valuable books; and Camden College has now a library which we may hope will fulfil his expectations, and those of its council and friends.

Of the interests of the Church over which he had been made an under shepherd, and more especially of its younger members, he did not lose sight during his short stay in England. "One of our most detrimental defects in the colony," he says, "is want of habits of reading, and that, to some serious extent, springs from want of good books. I wish I could do something effectual toward remedying this among my people; and I think nothing would be so effectual as a small choice library to begin with."

While in England, as in Australia, "the sword was too sharp for its sheath," and the only prospect of rest was in his return voyage to Sydney. In a note of Oct. 23rd, 1873, he writes: "I must try to keep the last Sunday quite free for rest. I have done myself and my people injustice by my incessant work. I am more exhausted in mind and body to-day than when I left Sydney. This I feel is wrong. Yesterday I preached to crowded audiences at Rev. J. C. Harrison's, and to-day I am prostrated in brain, throat, and chest. They gave collections of over £30 for the library fund. Give my thanks to your deacons for the £12."

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN TO AUSTRALIA, AND CLOSE OF HIS MINISTRY IN PITT STREET.

HE arranged to return in December by the overland route, and I prepared to accompany him as far as Venice; but He that numbers the hairs of our head saw best to order it otherwise by my suddenly being taken ill. This led him to go by Southampton. Though mutually disappointed, we were soon permitted to see what we had already believed—that the divine arrangement was better than ours.

December 17th he bade an affectionate adieu to a number of his friends at the Waterloo Station, and the next day, with Mrs. Graham and his son, went on board the steam-ship *Cathay*. In parting with his long-tried and faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, he said, "For how long God knows. In His blessed, blessed hands we leave our to-morrow for both time and eternity. God is love."

On Christmas-day, in his journal, he wrote, "This ship, 500 horse-power, 3,000 tons burden, is a wondrous creation of human power, as she sweeps on with tireless

tread over these waters some twelve miles an hour. But what an atom, a mere feather, she is on this great beneficent, terrible sea, and beneath these shining worlds that ascend system above system in boundless space! And can and does God in very deed look on us here on board with a Father's interest? If He be omniscient, He must know us and all about us. If He be Almighty, He must have all these elements and us also perfectly in His hand. If He be a Spirit, He must be more interested in human spirits than in senseless masses. If He be infinitely good, He must be interested in us proportionally to our ability to be happy or miserable here and hereafter. If He is not interested in us, He is interested in nothing."

On board there was work to be done for God, and to him in such a case absolute rest would have been a hard penalty. In the same entry he continues: "On last Sunday morning the captain read the Church service, and I preached from Matthew xiii. 44, the kingdom of heaven likened to treasure hid in a field. I did not speak more than about fifteen minutes, lest I should weary persons ready to be prejudiced against the gospel. To-day, being Christmas-day, there was also service, and I preached from 'The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.' (Eph. iii. 19.) I earnestly threw myself on God for help, and was not put to shame. Oh, how condescending and kind, how truly present and helpful, is He who said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world!' I deeply desire to do honour to the Lord, and good to these precious souls; but how much prudence, meekness, and faith it requires not to give offence where it is so easy to give it, and to win a

way for the pure, searching, loving gospel of the grace of God. Oh, my Father, the Father of lights, attemper my own spirit to thy blessed will, and make me ready for every good work! Let me be always in the Spirit, and prepared for either speech or silence in meekness of wisdom.

"Several expressed their great satisfaction with the discourse of this morning, and regretted its brevity. Who can tell how fruitful a few seeds may be, sown in the hearts of my fellow-passengers to an earthly port and to eternity?"

Sunday, 28th December, he writes: "Weather still beautiful, and the voyage so far quite pleasant. This morning I preached on the three parables of the lost sheep, the lost silver, and the lost son. I endeavoured to bring out Christ's views of man as a sinner precious, perishing, sought of God, and welcomed back to Him. (Luke xv.) We sang—

"'Hark, the herald-angels sing,'

and

"'With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise,' &c.

Most of the passengers attended; but some of the Indians appeared to think it quite unmanly or unnecessary to worship their Creator.

"In the evening I preached in the fore-saloon on the parable of the prodigal son. The attendance was good, and the singing very fair. A wretched groom, far more beastly than the seven noble horses he attends, was quite drunk and disorderly, and disturbed me nearly all the time of service. The purser after service stopped his

grog at the bar, which ought to have been done many days before. He and the captain both apologized for the misconduct of the man. Several other 'Christian' passengers have been drunk since Christmas, while the Mohammedans, lascars, and negroes around them are sober and orderly. How they must despise the Christian dogs! At the close of the day I felt grateful that I was enabled on the great and wide sea to give my humble testimony for Christ among this worldly people."

On the 29th he writes: "Weather still delightfully calm, the sea smooth, and the voyage most delightful. No pleasure trip could be more delightful than this. We feared the passage from Southampton to Port Said, and should probably have gone *viâ* Brindisi but for the breakdown of my brother Charles's health, who was to have accompanied us to Venice. We prayed much to God, and sought divine counsel as to our course. Is it too much to believe that our blessed Father condescended to our weakness and dependence, and gave us direction? . . . . I have proved that the path of duty is the path of pleasantness as well as safety. We really never should fear when in the path of duty."

It will intensify the force of these words for the reader to know something of his feelings, when breaking away from the associations of friendship, and contemplating the perils of the voyage, not so much for himself as for his wife and son. He then wrote: "The kindness we have experienced from friends in London, both as to its warmth and hospitality, exceeds expression, and makes us feel what a trial it is to surrender such communion for residence in a home so far away

from England, beyond the great and perilous deep. But the reasons that induced us to go to Australia are still as strong to induce us to return. Our motive to return, stronger than ocean, or home, or friendship, is that we have said we shall, God willing, return to our dear people in Sydney. Even had the promise been to our hurt, Christian faithfulness demands that we alter not. It is comparatively easy to face death when conscience is clear as to the path of duty." Such was the spirit of self-sacrifice and consecration in which he was now crossing the ocean to resume his labours.

His descriptions in his journal of the persons and things he met in his voyage are often as amusing as they are instructive. Of Egypt he says: "Pashas and paupers, palaces and human pig-styes, are the features of Egyptian civilization which most strike a stranger."

Sunday, 4th Jan., 1874, he writes: "Entered the tropics, and found the change in temperature so great that I had to change all warm clothing for light before morning service. Preached from Psalm lxi. 2: 'From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.' I was much comforted to find that the Word was blessed to more than one soul. Had a day of peace, and in the evening preached to a large audience from Phil. iv. 6, 7—the Christian remedy for care. Felt at the close of the day a portion of the peace of God fill my own heart. To me life must be life in the highest faculties of the soul. Without the presence and peace of God there is no real joy for me."

On the 11th he says: "As this is the last day I shall preach to the Indian portion of the passengers, I feel a

strong desire to do them some permanent good by showing them the nobler aims of an immortal being. . . . . They are evidently opposed to scriptural views of vital godliness. Be it as it may, I must keep my conscience clear, and speak out the truth of God when I have the opportunity. I shall therefore preach in the morning on Phil. iii. 13: 'This one thing I do,' &c. In the evening I shall preach on the source, model, and end of Paul's life, and on his death and its gain. (Phil. i. 21.)"

The following day he remarks on the effect of these sermons: "The plainness and directness of my sermon yesterday morning were, I find, most unpalatable to the more frivolous portion of the Indian passengers. The true views of life they cannot relish, and as to the claims of Christ and of God they are abhorrent. No doubt there is some of this due to my defective manner of presenting the truth; but I sought counsel of God and did my best, and must now leave the issue in the hands of Him whom I serve."

Feb. 1st (Sunday), King George's Sound, West Australia, he writes: "This morning, as the Captain was too busy entering the Sound to conduct service, I had with his consent a short service in the saloon. The attendance was good, and it was delightful to get free of the formalities of the Church service, and have a short, hearty, and true service of prayer, and song, and exhortation. I spoke on Christ at prayer for the storm-tost disciples, and felt His loving eye is on His own here and yet. Blessed be His name—our Jesus Immanuel!"

On Feb. 8th they anchored in Hobson's Bay, Melbourne. Here they parted, he remarks, "after brief but

pleasant intercourse," with many of their fellow-passengers, "to meet probably no more till the voyage of life shall end. It is a solemn thought. Oh that I could hope my fellow-passengers on board these ships (*Bangalore* and *Ellora*) were fellow-passengers on board the ark of salvation! Most, alas! appear to be given up to novels, play, and anything that can be turned into amusing pastime."

His son went on shore and returned with a telegram of welcome from his friend, the Hon. G. A. Lloyd, and a letter from Mr. Fairfax, containing the sad news of the death of his grand-daughter, Miss Minnie Ross. He writes: "In the midst of health and promise, this dear girl developed latent, long-working disease, and on yesterday week was laid by the side of her lamented and devoted Christian mother, who departed to her eternal rest two years and two months ago. How strange! when I landed in Sydney ten years ago, I found the Fairfax family plunged in bereavement by the death of Mr. C. Fairfax, killed by a fall from his horse, on a Saturday. Then, two years ago, I was with them in their deep grief for Mrs. Grafton Ross, killed out of her carriage, on a Saturday. Now I return to find them again in sorrow for the death of this dear, lovely girl. They are a family signally favoured and signally tried—more conspicuous for prosperity and affliction, for domestic love and sorrow, than any family I know. But God is wise and kind, and knows how to prune His vines and polish His diamonds so as to make them most fruitful and bright. May my blessed Father give me wisdom and grace to be a wise and true comforter to these His people in their affliction!"

At 5 o'clock on the 4th they got up steam and started for Sydney, having land in view most of the way. The magnificent scenery was inspiring to the mind and refreshing to the eyes. Passing through Bass's Straits, he says: "Nearly ten years ago we sailed through these straits in the *William Duthie*. We were for nearly two days becalmed in sight of the Radondo and Logan Islands. The scene is unaltered, except that then in June, the Australian winter, it was much warmer than now in February, the Australian summer. But of the companions who were with us then several have passed away. Then our captain, John Philipp, was a young, strong man, a happy bridegroom with a bright, joyous bride, full of music, and fresh from old Scotland. His first officer, Latto, was young and vigorous. Now poor Philipp lies in his lonely bed in the Devonshire Street cemetery, in Sydney; and Latto, wrecked and lost in Storm Bay, near Ulladulla, rests with others who shared his melancholy fate. The rest, crew and passengers, are scattered far and wide. Here are we, by the mercy of God, a small but unbroken family, returning after a happy visit to England to resume our labours for Christ in New South Wales."

By ten o'clock they were obliged to lie to in severe storm and darkness. He speaks highly of their vessel, the *Ellora*, but adds, "Best of all, we are in the hands of Him who quelled the stormy sea of Galilee, and who stood by Paul in Adria." This is the last entry in the journal of his voyage. In the midst of that storm he wrote a long and carefully-prepared discourse on the words: "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." (1 John v. 11.)

Glad were his friends to see him back, and glad was he to be amongst them. May 8th, 1874, he writes to me: "There is, I trust, the beginning of a very gracious work of God in our Church just now. The ministers of nearly all denominations have had for weeks past, on a Monday morning, a meeting in the vestry of Pitt Street Church, for united prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit. We are to have a great public meeting on next Thursday for the same object. Yesterday the bishop of Sydney and his wife visited Matilda and me. I asked him to pray, which he did very sweetly. He promises to join our prayer meeting. I trust the Lord will exalt the name of His dear Son."

Shortly after he writes: "We hear with joy of the great work God is doing in England and Scotland. What honoured servants of Christ those two American evangelists Moody and Sankey must be. There is much prayer here for participation in your showers of blessing. To-night there has been a meeting, which thronged my church in every part, to hear of the revival, and to seek similar blessings. There was a deep, earnest spirit of prayer pervading the assembly. All the Church were represented. I look for an extraordinary work of God that will show me why I have been sent back to the ends of the earth."

From this period till February, 1876, he continued "in labours more abundant." In Pitt Street, his ministry was crowned with much blessing. In addition to his pulpit ministrations, he took the active oversight of the Christian Instruction Society, Young Men's Society, Sunday-School, also of the work of a missionary and of a Mission Chapel.

In Camden College he continued to lecture on the Greek Testament. His lectures were prepared with much care, and the substance of them he committed to writing. Several of these outlines remain among his papers, and from their reverent handling of the divine Word, and their correct critical exegesis, must have been instructive and establishing to the faith of the students.

He took an active part in a monthly meeting of the ministers of the different evangelical denominations. This meeting was more than a bond of unity among those attending it; it was a means of much edification.

His public lectures he also continued. By these he sought to educate and instruct the public mind in the principles of justice and universal benevolence. And while crowds flocked to hear them because of their eloquence, he had the satisfaction of knowing he in no small degree attained his end. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of a minister of Christ devoting so much of his time to lectures on popular and scientific subjects, one thing is certain, that John Graham believed that this was to him the path of duty, and that in it he could serve the interests of truth and righteousness. And with the apostle we may fairly ask, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Yea," if he be really a servant, "he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand."

As his object was to proclaim the gospel jubilee in as wide a circle as possible, he visited South Australia, Queensland, Victoria, and many of the gold-fields of New South Wales. God greatly blessed the message

from the lips of His servant. Nor need we wonder when it is added, "He had laid it all before the Lord in his chamber, and wept and prayed over the message before he delivered it to the people."

In these missionary tours he was again and again, by a merciful Providence, rescued from the very edge of danger, and on one occasion, returning by sea to Sydney, from imminent death. When hope seemed to die in every other heart his faith in God was unshaken. He was willing, if God so pleased, to sink with the vessel, and rise to heaven from a watery tomb. But he had the impression his earthly mission was not yet fulfilled. This seemed to be the divine answer to his prayers. It was near the end of the week, and in the midst of the danger he told his fellow-passengers he had full confidence that he would preach in his pulpit in Pitt Street on Sunday. His word came true. God brought them safe to land. And as his family and the Church had almost abandoned hope of his safety, when he appeared in the pulpit on Sunday evening, and publicly thanked God for the deliverance of himself and fellow-passengers, the sudden change from sorrow to joy in the feelings of the vast congregation, produced a scene such as is seldom witnessed. All wept, all gave thanks, many with sobs and audible expressions. On some of his fellow-passengers the truth of his prediction, as they called it, made a profound impression.

For a time he was agent for the London Missionary Society. This brought him into contact with many of the South Sea Island missionaries, in whose work he felt a deep interest. On two occasions, when the missionary ship, the *John Williams*, arrived in Sydney with many

native teachers and missionaries on board, he had about thirty of them to his house to tea. When tea and cake were served to them on the grass, they expressed great delight. But they, in their turn, more than repaid the kindness of their host and hostess, for they sang together their beautiful hymn, "Of Jesus and His love," which filled their hearts with gratitude to the God of salvation, and melted them into tears.

As in England, so also in Australia, he made use of the press for the service of truth: he published many sermons and lectures. From its commencement, in 1875, he was a joint-editor of the *New South Wales Independent;* and from the period of Rev. S. N. Rothwell's death, till he resigned his pastorate, its sole editor. This paper he employed as a vehicle for propagating and defending evangelical truth, and for the promotion of true godliness.

CHAPTER XII.

RETURN TO ENGLAND, SETTLEMENT AND MINISTRY IN BRIGHTON.

EARLY in 1876, John Graham believed his work was done in Australia, and that the remainder of his working days should be given to England. His son had returned to this country to finish his education, and needed parental counsel and care. Incessant labour had exhausted his own strength, and the climate had told severely on the health of Mrs. Graham. It was not his way to do anything hastily. After much reflection and prayer he made his conviction known to his Church. His announcement was received with sorrow, but when his reasons were weighed, the Church acquiesced in his judgment.

A large valedictory meeting was held in Pitt Street Church, of which a full account appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of February 5th, 1876. This account has been published in a separate form. The Hon. Mr. Fairfax, M.L.C., presided. After the hymn "Come, thou fount of every blessing," had been sung and prayer offered, he remarked that "to him it was a most painful

thing to say farewell at any time, but especially so to say farewell to their honoured and beloved pastor, and to his excellent wife. . . . It was a very hard and difficult thing to look back on the work which the Rev. Mr. Graham had done for the past eleven and a half years; to recall the great exertions that he had made for the welfare of the Church; to think how he had been with them in season and out of season, in sickness and in health, in days of joy and in days of mourning and of sorrow; when they thought of these things and remembered his many kindnesses, and how deeply he had been interested in the welfare of themselves and families, it was very hard to say good-bye. However, he did not blame Mr. Graham for leaving them; he thought that he was in the path of duty. . . . He knew that the name of Mr. Cuthbertson would always be pronounced with gladness in this Church, as also he believed would the name of Mr. Graham be for generations to come.

The Hon. George Albert Lloyd then presented an address from the Church.

Mr. Lloyd said that by the courtesy of his brother deacons, and the circumstance that the senior deacon was in the chair, it had fallen to him to present to Mr. Graham an address, which he held in his hand, from the members of the Church assembling in this place, and which had been adopted heartily, and without a dissentient voice, at a meeting of Church members held on Tuesday evening last. It was many years since he (Mr. Lloyd) had first had the privilege of listening to Mr. Graham's voice from the pulpit, but he could say truthfully that he had never entered this church expecting to be spiritually fed, and had gone away disappointed.

Age had told on both of them, and the hairs that were dark on both their heads when he first heard Mr. Graham in England were now becoming white. They did not know what might be to-morrow. In all probability he might never meet Mr. Graham again in this world, but he hoped that they would be permitted to meet again in a brighter and better world, where, if they were permitted to hold communion with each other, as they firmly believed they should, not the least interesting subject to reflect upon would be the bright spots that they had dwelt upon in this hill of the Lord's Zion.

The address acknowledges the direction of the great Head of the Church in bringing Mr. Graham among them, and his faithful preaching of the central truths of the gospel to the saving of many souls, and the building up of believers in Christ; of the special blessing in the ingathering of the young by his sermons and Bible-classes; of the enlarging and beautifying of the church, and the erection of new school-rooms, and of the removal of a debt of £17,000. It speaks also of the perseverance and unwearied zeal of Mrs. Graham in all the organizations with which she was connected, and concludes with the assurance of the Church's continued prayerful interest in the welfare of both.

Mr. Catley, superintendent of the Sunday-school, then read an address from the teachers, neatly engrossed on vellum, and accompanied by a handsome album with the teachers' portraits.

An interesting address was also presented from the Young Ladies' Bible-class.

Addresses, too, were presented from the Committee of "the Congregational Union," from "the Ministers'

Fraternal Association," and from "the Council of Camden College."

Valuable presentations were made to the retiring pastor and his wife, and interesting speeches, expressive of deep regard for Mr. Graham, and appreciation of his ministerial work, were delivered by Rev. J. B. Langton (Presbyterian), Rev. W. Curnow (Wesleyan), Rev. J. G. Greenwood (Baptist), and Rev. W. Slaytor (Congregationalist).

After the addresses, presentations, and kind expressions of the speakers were acknowledged by the retiring pastor, this interesting meeting, not untinged with sorrow, was brought to a close with the benediction.

From the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, held in Sydney, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, of same date, reports:

"The Rev. George Hurst spoke of the intended departure from the colony of the Rev. John Graham. He said Mr. Graham, as a minister of the Lord Jesus, had been exceedingly useful here, and all were sorry to lose a man such as he was. For himself, he most earnestly regretted that Mr. Graham could not remain here; but Mr. Graham had their most hearty love, and would have an interest in their prayers. He could only say further that he trusted God would raise amongst them, or send to them, a succession of such men.

"The Rev. John Graham said he should leave these shores with no more touching remembrance than the recollection of the expression of feeling just now made so emphatically and so lovingly. It was almost too much for him. He thanked them for that kind expression of feeling, and assured them that if anything in the

world could bind him to these shores it was such brotherly love as he had experienced here, and that wherever he went he would take with him the remembrance of the parting, and the farewell from the Methodist Conference here."

On his voyage to England he and Mrs. Graham had as their fellow-passengers, the Dean of Sydney, a devoted Evangelical minister, and his wife, an equally devoted and intelligent Christian. Spiritual affinities are not less attractive than chemical. Soon there was a quaternion, who found themselves in all essential and spiritual truth of one heart and of one mind. This led to happy fellowship and co-operation in the work of the Lord, and to faithful resistance of the ungodly spirit of many of the passengers. Services were held, and the gospel was preached by both ministers of Christ.

One of the passengers, a young man, was apparently in the last stage of consumption. Both the dean and my brother were in the habit of conversing with him, and following the conversation with reading and prayer. As they approached the Azore Islands on Easter Sunday morning, the weather being beautiful and fine, and the passengers enjoying the scene, my brother went down to the young man's cabin, told him of the beautiful morning and scenery, and expressing a wish he could come on deck. The young man replied, "No, Mr. Graham, I don't envy you; for I have learnt, since I came on board, to know and love my Saviour. Previous to this I was content to read my Bible and attend church, but now my heart is fixed, trusting on the Lord."

Brought in safety with Mrs. Graham to England, and having visited his friends and preached the gospel with

profit to many in various places, he naturally desired a fixed centre of labour. After much prayer, and being kept in suspense for some time, the guiding cloud seemed to him to settle over Brighton. On this subject he and I spoke together freely, and his conviction was unshaken that to Brighton the Lord had called him. This will also appear from the following extract of a letter to a highly-esteemed friend, the Rev. William Orr, of Uxbridge:

"13, Victoria Road, Brighton, 17th Aug., 1876.

"God is opening to me many doors of utterance. Oh for more of His grace to give power to His word! Last night I preached on Eph. iv. 30, and found much in it to search my own heart withal. I am very much urged to settle here in this great town of a hundred and twenty thousand souls. I find a Church with a feeble membership, burdened with £5,000 debt. I am very much inclined to give it help. The leading of God appears in that way. I know you say, 'London for you.' But Nazareth was not Jerusalem, and was yet an important village."

He obeyed his convictions, and on the first Sunday of September (1876) commenced his ministry in Clifton Road Church. In their appeal for help to clear off their heavy debt, he and his friends could say in the following January, "God has greatly blessed and prospered the congregation, the church, the Sunday-schools, and societies, both numerically and financially; and we are encouraged to make a vigorous effort to wipe out the whole, or a principal part, of our heavy debt, which is a grievous incubus in many ways. Its existence acts as a dark shadow over the heart of both pastor and people."

The following extract will show the importance of

his new sphere, and of the effort which he and the Church at Clifton Road were now making: "Many thousands from London and the provinces annually visit Brighton. To them we appeal to aid us in supporting the pure spiritual worship of God, and the earnest preaching of the gospel of His grace. In this great and widely-known resort for health and enjoyment "the pleasures of sin" spread their toils with unwonted fascination for the young. Infidelity is bold and outspoken. Ritualism and sacerdotalism cultivate a worship and advance claims so close akin to those of Rome, that it is not easy to distinguish between them. We lift up our testimony for the simple, spiritual, free worship of God, and for the old glorious gospel of His Son; and we appeal to their friends to help us in what is to us a laborious, self-denying work, albeit it is a labour of both duty and love."

To this document the congregational pastors of the town, the minister of Lady Huntingdon's Church (the Rev. J. B. Figgis), and the senior deacon of Union Street Chapel, appended the following note: "Our hearts are rejoiced to hear that the advent of a new pastor at Clifton Road, a pastor so long and honourably known in the churches, has been marked by strenuous efforts to liquidate the debt on the church; and we are further rejoiced to find that this effort has been so greatly successful in the congregation itself, already so generous in their response to frequent appeals. We earnestly hope that this will be met by brotherly sympathy and corresponding liberality from the churches of the town, and from some of the many interested in Brighton."

This appeal enabled the Church to reduce its debt by £2,000; but this, important as it was to the Church, was among the smallest successes of the pastor. Congregations began to grow. The membership of the Church rapidly increased. Its additions were chiefly accessions from the congregation of those who had heard the Word, and found it to be the power of God unto salvation. It is true a number of Christians from London and other places settling in Brighton were glad to avail themselves of the worship and ministry of Clifton Road; and some intelligent and devoted Christians, who had not the gospel in the established churches which they had been accustomed to attend, rejoiced to make Clifton Road their spiritual home.

On the progress of the work of Christ in Clifton Road the pastor set his heart. For it he prayed, studied, expounded the Word, and preached. In his pastoral visitation the spiritual growth of believers and the salvation of sinners was his aim. He well knew that for the Church to fulfil its mission, be a light in the darkness, the witness of God in an evil world, and lead the perishing to Christ, it must be holy. He was no enthusiast; he did not expect the end without the use of the means. In order therefore to supply the needed instruction and stimulus he and his friends arranged for a week's special services, to commence March 9th, 1879. The meetings were to occupy much of the day, and a large portion of the time was to be devoted to prayer.

The subjects were, "Christian Consecration," "Our Duty in Relation to the Work of the Holy Spirit," "Salvation of our Children," "Fulness of the Spirit,"

"Union of Christ and His people," "Preparedness for Service to Christ," "Holiness to the Lord," "Not Conformed to the World," "Sanctification: What it is, and how attained;" "Power from on High."

In his programme he states: "Our sole motive in holding these services is the glory of our dear Redeemer, and the good of precious souls, for whom He died. The kingdom of God—'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost'—you may now enter; for 'NOW is the accepted time, and NOW is the day of salvation.' Pray ponder the following solemn but blessed words, and come and hear and pray:

"'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' (Acts ii. 17, 21.)

"'It is high time to awake out of sleep. The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' (Rom. xiii. 11, 12.)

"'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' (Rev. xxii. 17.)"

In all these services except the first day I was with him. In two of them kind and efficient aid was rendered by the Revds. J. B. Figgis and A. F. Joscelyn. His own discourse, the first day (Sunday), on "Our Duty in Relation to the Work of the Holy Spirit," was among the most instructive and edifying he ever preached. In all our intercourse, from our boyhood up to that hour, I never spent a happier week in his company. That week is amongst the most pleasing remembrances of my life. His soul was so full of the Spirit of Christ, so sweetly

stayed upon Him, so subject to His will, that it was impossible for any one in a right state of soul to be in his company without being edified.

Owing to various local causes some of the meetings were not so largely attended as he had anticipated. But he was perfectly satisfied, believing that having committed them into the hands of God, and constantly looking up as he was for His blessing, the Lord's will, in relation to them, must be accomplished. He was not disappointed. From various testimonies and letters afterwards received it became evident that the power of the Lord was present to heal and bless. To us who took part in the meetings it was manifest while they were proceeding. Mr. Cullis, the secretary, in kindly conveying to me the thanks of the Church for the humble part I was enabled to take in the services, remarks, "We all prayed that God's blessing might accompany the addresses. In some cases we know that our prayers and yours were answered."

The pastor of Clifton Road Church felt real interest, and where practicable took an active part, in every Christian and philanthropic movement in the town. He especially cultivated friendly relations with all the ministers of the Free Churches of Brighton. Indeed he was ever ready for fellowship and co-operation with every minister of Christ that would fraternize with him.

As in previous spheres, so in Brighton, he sought to serve the cause of truth and righteousness by his lectures. For public lecturing he was specially gifted. From his extensive reading, accurate observation, and retentive memory, his stores of knowledge were great. His elocution was ready and fluent, his imagination was

vivid and well cultivated, his discernment quick, and his reasoning powers strong. He deeply sympathized with nature, but more deeply still with justice and right. Intense was his hatred of oppression and wrong. No matter how large might be the assembly which he addressed, so full and strong was his voice, so well did he project it, and so distinct was his enunciation, that he could be heard, the very deaf excepted, by all his auditors.

In the beginning of his ministry he learned the importance and blessedness of itinerant evangelization, and to this in his last years he turned. It is true that, through all his ministerial life, he less or more practised it, and particularly in Australia; but his deep sense of its value grew with his years. He believed, where it is practicable, in special services continued for a week or more. This enables the preacher to bring out in greater fulness the ruin of man and the redemption of Christ, gives opportunity to converse with enquirers; draws out the sympathy and prayers of Christians, and helps to train the Church in an important part of its mission. In a short paper which he wrote on this subject, May 26th, 1839, to be read at a ministerial meeting, he says: "I have during the past winter and spring conducted four series of special services in the churches of other brethren and in my own, and in them all I have seen and felt spiritual and blessed results which left no doubt on my mind of God's gracious presence and approval. I shall ever look back on them with hallowed satisfaction, and can only regret I was not oftener and more earnestly engaged in such work for the Lord."

One of the prospects which cheered him in returning

from Australia to England was the opportunity of attending some of the many conferences then being held in this country for the quickening of the spiritual life. Several of these he did attend, and in some of them took part. His prayers and words at Cambridge are not yet forgotten. In the one held in Brighton, in January, 1879, he was specially interested. The desire of his heart was to live and walk in the fulness of the Spirit. He knew this was essential to the full measure of his usefulness. Never was his growth in the spiritual life more manifest than at this period. We rise in grace as we die to the world, and realize the true end of life. How much is contained in the following sentence and the three monosyllables which follow it, in a letter (September 18th, 1878) to his friend, the Hon. G. A. Lloyd? "The man who looks for anything else in this life than duty and purification through trial must be disappointed. So I prove."

He became at this period very much interested in the prophetic scriptures, and made them a special subject of study. Both from the word of God and from the ungodly policy of our own nation, as well as from the condition of the world, he regarded the outlook as specially gloomy and portentous. One day he said to me that what seemed to him most to be desired was to depart and be with Christ. My answer was to the effect that I should like to wear my armour a little longer, and fight the Lord's battles as He might enable me. To this he made no reply. About the same period, at a communion-service in his own church, he gave expression to the desire for a sudden death.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS VISIT TO AMERICA, AND DEATH.

JOHN GRAHAM'S brother Archibald, after practising in his profession as a doctor for some time in Ireland, emigrated about forty years ago to the United States of America, and settled in Philadelphia. There he married, and reared a large family. His practice was very extensive, and he had his two eldest sons educated and qualified to assist him in it. A few years ago it pleased God to remove him to another world, but not before there was much hope that he knew Christ as his Saviour. In his last illness he was visited daily by a godly minister. John had a strong desire to visit his deceased brother's family in Philadelphia, and some of his sister's children who are settled in Canada. Last year the opportunity offered; his church needed renovation, and would be closed, and the services held in the school-room, for at least ten weeks. Most of these ten weeks he arranged (D.V.) to spend in America. There he hoped to accomplish some good among his relatives, and to return with fresh vigour for his work in Brighton.

We have seen that, amid his earnest labours, his thoughts and longings were toward another home. In

this channel they still continued to flow. In writing to Mr. Lloyd, June 16th, 1879, after referring to a mutual friend in delicate health, he says: "Surely we live in a dying world; but I had comfort out of my two texts yesterday—'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,' and 'As sin hath reigned unto death, even so shall grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.' The two contrasted reigns. What a contrast! How blessed to know that grace reigns in the bosom of God in all His dispensations, and in the Christian heart; and that there the rill will broaden into the river, and the river roll surely on to the ocean of eternal life. You and I have most of our friends in heaven now. I trust we shall in God's time meet one another there."

June 18th he wrote to me: "S.S. *England*, off Dover. I like this ship very much, and have round me some excellent Christian men. One is an Episcopal Methodist minister, full of information on American concerns. There are many emigrants to whom, I trust, we may do some good. I have a large cabin all to myself, and hope to read a good deal. . . . I greatly enjoy the prospect of seeing so many relatives in America. I trust God may make some use of me for spiritual good to them."

He reached New York and his friends in Philadelphia in safety; visited Niagara and Canada with his two nieces. At Niagara he met a near relative of his wife, in whose spiritual welfare, and that of his family, he took a deep interest, and which he earnestly sought to promote. On July 20th he preached in Montreal on Phil. iv. 4–6. In a letter to an esteemed friend in Brighton, written the next day, he remarks, "The hearts of the people responded,

as they always do, to the Fatherhood of God. The good news of God's deep, real, warm, present love to sinners is a powerful key to human hearts." He ends with, "Pray for me, and give my love to all the dear friends who may happen to speak of their absent shepherd. I commend you to the great Shepherd and Overseer of souls."

As he wished to spend a large portion of his time with his relatives in Philadelphia, he hastened to it as his home. He stopped with his nephew, Dr. James Graham, of 1528, Spruce Street. His nephew remarks in a letter: "It is marvellous the impression he made on our family. We are naturally cold and formal; but he seemed to read us like an open book, and went direct to each one's heart. We loved and reverenced him as we never had any one else; and although we knew him but a few weeks, he got so into our innermost secrets, was so associated with all our thoughts of the future, that he seemed like a life-long friend."

As his nieces, the Misses Augusta and Bessie Graham, and Dr. James Graham, were going to Cape May for a change, he accompanied them. July 31st, on a view of the sea, he wrote the following suggestive lines:

THE OCEAN AN EVIDENCE OF DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

PEAL on peal the billowy roar
Near and far breaks on the ear,
'Till the awe-struck spirit feels
God, the unsearchable, is here.

Yes, the deep yet soothing sound
Wakes a power within the heart,
Scattering earth's frivolities,
Bidding earth-worn cares depart.

Clouds and shadows seem to fly,
Brighter heavens bend o'er the flood;
Ocean seems a mirror vast
Of the boundless love of God.

Love, whose breadths can know no bound,
Love, whose depths no measure knows,
Love, that through all ages past
To eternal ages flows.

Love, that bathed the angel host,
Love, that flowed through Eden's bowers;
Love of Jesus, saving men,
Love enrapturing heavenly powers.

Bathers fringe this ocean tide,
Catching ripples on the shore;
Child or saint or seraph high
In God's love can do no more.

Ocean's charging, changeless tide
Rolls the same for ever on,
Sounding forth the changeless love
Of the great eternal One.

Round the earth his mighty swell
Breaks and rolls on every beach;
So the eternal Father's love,
Everywhere its blessings reach.

God of love, oh, let me launch,
Launch upon love's mighty sea!
Thee to know, to trust, to love,
Is eternal life to me.

Next day his nephew, Archibald Graham, joined them, and as their uncle stood among them he drew himself up to his full height, and said, "I am good for ten years' work in His service still, if nothing happens." This was said a little before 11 a.m. Dr. James Graham will tell the sequel: "They went in to bathe about 11 a.m., when

the beach was crowded with people, and many were in the water. They selected the place where there were most bathers. They were in but a few minutes when Gussie, who was trying to float—Uncle John had been teaching her the day before—was caught in a current, and before she was aware of it was carried beyond her depth. She called to Arch, who was nearest to her. He swam to her, took her hand, and struck for shore. But although they had only a few feet to go, the current was so strong that when he reached a point at which he could just touch the bottom, he was completely exhausted. Gussie had hold of his hand at their arms' length behind him. Uncle John, seeing their predicament, swam around them, and took Gussie's other hand just at the moment Arch was able to touch bottom. At that moment a large wave submerged and separated them. Arch was knocked off his feet, but managed, he doesn't know how, to get in far enough for the other bathers to seize him and drag him ashore, where he lay for some time insensible. Uncle John, who was a good swimmer, and had been out much farther the day before, put Gussie's hand on his shoulder and struck with both arms for the shore; but appearing to make no progress, Gussie said, 'Uncle John, we cannot both be saved. For God's sake leave me, and save yourself.' She then let go her hold, but he turned and seized her by the wrist; but before he could speak he turned blue in the face, gasped once or twice, and sank back unconscious. She, thinking he had fainted or taken a fit, threw her arm round his neck and kept his head above water, possessed with the one idea to try and save him. As she knew nothing of swimming they lay almost motionless, with

their faces only out of water, and slowly drifted seaward with the current. The shore grew more and more distant. To her the distance seemed immense; and though there were hundreds of people crowded on the beach, and watching them, she could see no effort made to rescue them. Each succeeding wave submerged her, filled her mouth with salt water, and almost suffocated her; but she held on to him.

"At this time she saw they were approaching a pier, and that it was crowded with people; but they did not offer a word of encouragement. A log was thrown by two men; but it fell six feet short of her. She felt death stealing over her like a delightful sleep, a delicious feeling of calm and rest, and that the struggle was over. Another wave washed over her. Then she arose with one more desperate struggle; felt for her uncle, but he was gone. Her feet touched him, and she seized him between her knees. In a moment more there was a ringing in her ears; everything was dark. But as she sank for the last time a voice shouted, 'Hold on to him another moment, and I will save you both.' It was the first word of encouragement she had received. It seemed to call her from death. She roused herself again. There was a splash in the water, and she grasped a long plank that was thrown to her, and at the same moment a gentleman with a rope around his body was by her side. They were drawn to the side of the pier, and she supported herself on the plank, while the gentleman (Mr. Ames, of Boston), to whom another rope had been lowered, kept uncle's head above water. Finally a boat with a single oarsman came to their aid, and soon after the life-boat from the shore. Uncle was

with much difficulty lifted into the boat. Gussie was then taken aboard, and rowed ashore, being confident all the time that her uncle was only in a fit, and would be restored. But although every effort was made to restore him he gave no sign of life. He had evidently met with instantaneous death at the moment he became unconscious."

Well may the nephew and brother add to this deeply touching account: "It showed the wonderful strength of the girl's love, that while she felt death approaching, and had given up all hope of rescue, and the time was as an age to her, yet she had not a thought of home, &c., only the one idea, to try to the last to save him."

But what, it may be enquired, of the other sister? The brother adds: "Poor Bessie was, if possible, under still more trying circumstances. She was within a few feet of them when they were washed out. She rushed from one to another, begging them for God's sake to save them, and offering rewards. But as no one moved she ran to the life-boat, and had it manned, sent for doctors and stimulants, and attended to Arch and Gussie when they were brought ashore."

I remark here that my nephew, Dr. James Graham, was not present. He had returned the previous day to his duties in Philadelphia.

"Gussie believes," adds my nephew's letter, "that she should have been lost if he had not gone to her assistance; for, as she cannot swim, it was only when she forgot self altogether, and was absorbed in the one idea to save him, that she lay perfectly still, and so floated with the current."

In another letter my nephew says: "As to the

manner of the accident I will now simply state that all who saw it were certain he did not die of drowning. No one ever suggested the possibility of such a thing; and the *post-mortem* examination showed conclusively that such was not the case. The powerful effort he made was the immediate cause of death. His heart was not able to control the unusual quantity of blood forced upon it. It became over-distended, and he died in an instant. But a similar effort on land would have affected him almost as injuriously." The heart was always his weak point. Twenty-one years ago, when he was in London and I in Worcester, my eldest son lying dead, he was prevented coming to me by a sudden seizure, which he thus described: "Yesterday morning (June 24th, 1859), when I wrote to you, I was well; but after a fatiguing Sunday's work I unwisely went out and visited. At a meeting in the evening I was taken ill about 9.30. I was extremely bad with faintness and pain in the chest. I came home in a cab, and have been ever since (now 4.30 p.m.) with mustard plasters, &c., at my chest. The pain is relieved, but not all gone. My doctor has just been in, and after sounding my chest, tells me I am in a very exhausted state. He says that while my lungs are excellent, my heart is constitutionally small and weak. This I have for many years surmised to be the weak point in my tabernacle, and the cause of my frequent lassitude. I expressed my strong desire to go to Worcester to-morrow; but he says he should fear the result of my travelling just now."

These scientific opinions forbid our thinking that John Graham died before his time. God gave him his physical, as well as his mental and moral, constitution,

and formed that physical constitution to endure for a certain period, doing a certain amount of work; and when that work was done, fulfilled his repeatedly expressed desire and took him to Himself.

"Men pray against sudden death," says Professor Thompson, speaking at his funeral, "as if it were a calamity to be deplored. They should rather pray against death 'unprepared for.' Sudden death to one whose life has been a preparedness for death is no calamity, but a grace from God's own hand. It is 'sudden death, sudden glory.' It is the rapture of heaven breaking in upon life, and the swift embrace of a Father's arm when we had just left that of earth's loved ones."

We adopt the words quoted by Professor Thompson, "God spared the green and took the ripe." John Graham had desired to be saved from a lingering illness. God not only indulged His servant's desire, but granted him beyond his request; for his death was not only sudden but saved the life of another. For others he both lived and died. Benevolence characterized his life and shed a halo over his end.

CHAPTER XIV.

TESTIMONIES.

I NOW present the reader with a few testimonies to the character and work of the subject of this *Memoir*, from those who knew him in this country, in Australia, and America. The first testimony is from his old and deeply-attached friend, Josias Alexander, Esq., who was one of the deacons of Craven Chapel under his ministry.

"Caterham Valley, 26th December, 1879.

"My dear Friend,

"'The memory of the just is blessed.' I am glad to hear you are writing a memoir of your dear brother John, my life-long friend. I gladly accede to your request in sending you a 'few jottings' conveying the impressions our intercourse made upon me.

"About the year 1851 I met your brother for the first time. His tall, stately form, his bright, sunny countenance, his calm, impressive presence, were the 'outward and visible signs' of a noble nature, a mild, gentle spirit, and an intellectual power of no mean order.

"The first sermon I heard from his lips was preached in the Covenanting Church, Waterside, Londonderry, from the text, 'She hath done what she could.' It was touchingly beautiful, full of poetry and pathos, and made a deep impression on his hearers.

"I need not dwell on his work at Moy and Dublin—of how he made 'full proof of his ministry,' 'serving the Lord with all humility of mind.'

"On his removal to the 'million peopled city,' a new world of life and work opened to him. I know well how he felt the 'burden of the Lord' was laid on him, when called to preside over one of the most influential churches of the Congregational order in the West-End of London. The pulpit of Craven Chapel, Regent Street, had, previous to Mr. Graham's ministry there, been occupied by a prince among preachers, the late Dr. Leifchild. During his (Dr. Leifchild's) earnest and prosperous ministry, the chapel was crowded Sunday after Sunday. After the Doctor's retirement, from age and infirmity, the numbers attending gradually diminished, the various societies languished. The deacons—men of whom any Church might have been proud—in their anxiety to secure the services of an energetic and popular preacher, applied to the late Dr. Campbell, who at once suggested their attention to a 'young, eloquent Irishman,' minister of the Church in Dublin, the Rev. John Graham. A deputation from the church, including the late Edward Swaine, of Piccadilly, a man of no ordinary intellectual grasp, went over to Dublin, heard Mr. Graham preach, and on their advice an invitation was sent to Mr. Graham to preach at Craven. The unanimous call of the church was soon after given to him to become the pastor. His eloquence in the pulpit, and his energetic labours among his people, soon told in the revival of the church, the great increase of its members, the renewed activity infused into its varied missions and societies.

"Very soon Mr. Graham became a welcome guest in the homes of his flock. To the more cultured he approved himself by his wide-spread knowledge of history, philosophy, and science. His love of poetry and the fine arts lent a charm to his social intercourse, and his rich repository of anecdote and illustration gave life and animation to the varied circles in which he moved. Among the poor he was a special favourite, combining as he did the grace of charity with the soft and gentle influence of a tender and sympathetic nature.

"To the young men of the church he became a power. He entered into their feelings, took his stand by their side, breathed

their atmosphere, felt the pulsations of their young aspiring natures, and thus became one of them. Many young men, who afterwards found their homes in India, Australia, and America, received their first impulse for good and God in their intercourse and fellowship with the pastor of Craven Chapel.

"In all the movements of Christian philanthropy outside his own church he was ever a willing worker. Ragged Schools, Theatre Services, Young Men's Christian Associations, Missions, home and foreign, ever found in him a ready and eloquent advocate.

"As a platform speaker he never failed to make a deep and abiding impression; but his true kingdom was the pulpit, and he ever felt his great life-work was to be accomplished there. To 'warn sinners' and 'to build up saints,' 'to testify the gospel of the grace of God,' was pre-eminently his mission, and well and effectually was this work carried out.

"The great movements of the age, political and social, he watched with intense interest. He was ever the warm friend of liberty and progress, his pen and his tongue being ever enlisted on the side of black and white slaves. During the great American war, when nearly all the ministers of the Established Church, and a large number of Nonconformists, misconceived the nature of the life and death struggle, your brother was 'true as the dial to the sun' in the interest of liberty and in the doom of slavery.

"In all his 'works of faith and labours of love' he was ever earnestly, lovingly, and prayerfully supported by his noble-minded wife, and to her sweet temperament, her genial disposition, her self-sacrificing efforts, Mr. Graham owed much of his success as a pastor. Her consolation as a bereaved and almost broken-hearted widow must ever abound in the thought of how much good her lamented husband was graciously permitted to accomplish, through a comparatively long, but all too short, ministry in the kingdom of God and His Christ.

Yours sincerely,

JOSIAS ALEXANDER.

Rev. Charles Graham.

From the church in Pitt Street, Sydney:

"Pitt Street Vestry, November 25th, 1879.

"DEAR MRS. GRAHAM,

"At our last church meeting the sorrowful circumstances connected with your dear husband's death were brought before us, and I was charged to write to you and convey the truest and deepest sympathies of the church. One after another our members rose to pay a loving tribute to Mr. Graham's memory. The hearts of all were profoundly touched.

"My knowledge of Mr. Graham was confined to the week he spent about ten years ago in Adelaide, and then I conceived the highest opinion of his genial and loving Christian character. Last night I spent at Dr. Jones's with a circle of the Pitt Street friends, and we looked at both your portraits and that of your son with more than ordinary interest. I pray God to comfort and bless you; and, more than this, to make perfect His strength in your weakness.

"'Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected in death.'

It is only in the night that we can see the stars.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Graham, with much Christian love to you and your son,

Yours in truest sympathy,

"JAMES JEFFERIS."

The Rev. W. Cuthbertson, Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in his opening address at Cardiff, October 14th, 1879:

"John Graham, too, is gone, my successor in the church in Sydney. His death, so unexpected, and in the manner of it so sorrowful, was to me, as I doubt not to you also, a very great shock. His fine presence, his genial spirit, his readiness and power of speech on platform or in pulpit, will not soon be forgotten by us; and the very suddenness of the summons which came to him will give a special tenderness to our prayers for his widow and his son."

New South Wales Independent:

"Although some time has elapsed since we heard of the death of the Rev. John Graham, we cannot allow our present number to go forth without a short tribute of remembrance. Mr. Graham, in conjunction with the Rev. S. Rothwell, also gone to his reward, edited this journal the first year of its establishment. In labours he was abundant; and no words of ours are necessary to preserve the remembrance of his eloquence and zeal. We record our deep sympathy for Mrs. Graham and her son, an only child, under this bereavement, praying that He who has promised to be the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, may support and comfort them under this heavy trial."

From the Congregational Union of New South Wales.

Resolution moved by Rev. T. Johnson, seconded by Rev. J. Jefferis, LL.B., and carried unanimously, at meeting of the Congregational Union of New South Wales, October, 1879. G. G. HOWDEN, *Sec.*

"That this assembly has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Rev. John Graham whilst bathing at Cape May, New Jersey, United States.

"We remember and record with thankfulness the valuable services rendered by Mr. Graham to the cause of Christ in this colony, by his fervid eloquence, his able advocacy of our principles, and his great ability in expounding God's word.

"Mr. Graham was twice chairman of this Union, and for many years he assisted our college as one of its tutors, while by his genial readiness to help in every good work he has laid us as a denomination under deep and lasting obligations.

"We take the opportunity of this first meeting of our Union after the lamented death of our friend, to express to Mrs. Graham and to Mr. James Graham our deep sympathy with them in the sad bereavement they have sustained, and to commend them to the love and care of our gracious and ever-living Lord."

From a Christian lady, a member of his church in Brighton:

"In Remembrance.

"As I look back on all the time that it was my privilege to call him my friend as well as my pastor, the first words that come to my mind are, 'In *simplicity* and *godly sincerity* we had our conversation to youward.' From the first time I was ever in his company to the last he was the same man.

"Nothing was put on or assumed on any occasion, nor did he ever seem to be held back from simply speaking what was in his mind in most perfect sincerity. And in that mind God seemed *ever* uppermost. 'Blessed are the *pure in heart; for they shall see God.*' Whatever the circumstances or the conversation, you never seemed to find him, nor to lead him, away from God. And this it was which gave a peculiar *weight* to all he said. You never had the feeling that it was self that was speaking; he spoke in simplicity, as a child of God at home in his Father's presence. And after conversation how *naturally* prayer came, and yet always humbly asking forgiveness and teaching on every subject!

"Many are the lessons that have been brought to my mind in this way from his example. He ardently loved truth, and sought after it, and felt its value on every subject; so it was welcomed from whatever source, and weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. And it never seemed as if his own free judgment stood in the way; for his heart and understanding were very large, and this enabled him to perceive how little we can really know here in the body, and made him content to wait the time when 'we shall know even as we are known.' Yet he seemed to me wonderfully full of information on every subject on which one could touch; but 'GOD was in all his thoughts,' and nothing came to him apart from God. And *God as his Father*, this was the ingrained feeling of his heart, which the Holy Spirit, as the very Spirit of adoption, alone could have given him. Oh, how one loves to dwell on this remembrance of him! And not only was God to him his own Father, but the 'Father of the spirits of all flesh;' and he looked on all with reference to this truth of the fatherhood of God.

Here was the hidden spring of his lovingness towards all—he yearned over men to make them know God as a Father who infinitely desired their salvation. In the letter which reached me, when I knew that I should see his face on earth no more, after telling me he had been preaching at Montreal on Philippians iv. 4–6, he goes on: 'The hearts of the people responded, as they always do, to the fatherhood of God, and I have now lots of friends in Montreal. The good news of God's deep, real, warm, present love to sinners is a wonderful key to human hearts.'

"Hence arose his intense fear of all that was harrowing in theology. It was the character of God as a Father that he dreaded to see impeached. This I could see, and I loved it in him, and received a great blessing from him through God's grace. I used to tell him how I had been bred after the straitest sect of Calvinism, and he never wanted dogmatically to make any change their views for his.

"He looked on the Lord Jesus Christ very specially from this point of view *as revealing the Father*. How he has dwelt in preaching on the words, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' loving to trace out in the love, and compassion, and tenderness, and holiness of Jesus the Son the express image of the Father! There was no separation in his teaching between the love of the Father and the love of the Son to the sinner; yet it seemed to me that he increasingly dwelt on the person and sufferings of Jesus. With what emotion he always quoted—

> "'But none of the ransomed ever knew
> How deep were the waters crossed,
> Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
> Ere he found His sheep that was lost.'

"And then with his whole heart did he seem to want to open the door wide for sinners to come at once to that loving One. And again I used to feel how increasingly fervent he was in prayer for the Holy Spirit's outpouring and power amongst us. He had no aim at excitement in this. It was that calm desire of a fervent spirit which peculiarly betokens 'prayer in the Holy Ghost.' But it was the walk in love which after all seems to dwell on one's

memory most deeply, and ever will. I think he had that prayer fulfilled to him—

> "'Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
> Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
> Far more for others' faults, than all
> The ills that we receive.'

"Did ever any one find him tripping here? I cannot fancy it. I think nothing could have pained him more than to discover a feeling not akin to love in his heart, towards any under any circumstances. Nothing would have been more instantaneously and sensitively felt, or confessed where there was occasion.

"I don't think anyone could have said an uncharitable thing of another to him and have expected a response. The love in his heart was from the fountain-head, and so it extended to the smallest of God's created beings, and waited to expand and rejoice for ever with the highest intelligences. I may say it, in the sincerity of my heart; I was always the better for conversation with him, apart from the great blessing of his ministry. And I write freely and unconstrainedly, without fear of exalting the creature in my own mind, because it was his God he commended to me and not himself. I once expressed my objection to funeral sermons to him, and rather lightly said he must never preach one for me that my ghost would come and say it was not true. And he said, in his calm, gentle way, 'But they glorified God in me.' And this is all we want to do in him, the Lord knoweth. We would not, and could not, so wrong him as to want to think of him in anywise but as truly he was, like Barnabas, 'a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.'

"And that Spirit, how He was in him, the earnest of the inheritance. His soul was athirst for God, the living God, and ever seemed to be feeling, 'When shall I come and appear before God?'

"Brighton, August 18th, 1879. C. HOLLAND."

Clifton Road Year Book, 1879.

To the Rev. John Graham, under God, as an intelligent, wise, genial, loving, earnest, generous, and spiritual pastor, this church owes an undying grateful remembrance. Its members would glorify God in him. H. H. CULLIS, *Hon. Church Secretary.*

From the Sussex Home Missionary Society.

"8, St. Peter's Place, Brighton, 1st September, 1879.

"DEAR MRS. GRAHAM,

"At a meeting of the Committee of Management of the Sussex Home Missionary Society and County Association, held to-day, a resolution was unanimously and with deep feeling passed, and I was requested to transmit a copy of the same to you. It is a melancholy pleasure to me to do this, and I embrace the opportunity of once more assuring you of my deepest sympathy and fervent prayers.

"I am, my dear Mrs. Graham, most truly yours,

"A. FOYSTER, *Sec.*

"'The Committee of the Sussex Home Missionary Society and County Association, desire to express their deep regret at the loss they have sustained by the sudden decease of the Rev. John Graham, and at the same time to tender to Mrs. Graham and her son their respectful sympathy with them, under the very trying bereavement with which it has pleased our heavenly Father in His wisdom to visit them."

"Extracted from the minutes.

"A. FOYSTER, *Sec.*"

Ministerial Theological Society, Brighton.

"10, Gladstone Terrace, Brighton, October 14th, 1879.

"DEAR MRS. GRAHAM,

"As Secretary of the Ministerial Theological Society, I have been requested to write, on behalf of the members, to express our deep, heart-felt sympathy with yourself and your son in the sad and sudden bereavement which you have so lately suffered. If our expressions of sympathy are somewhat late they are not the less sincere. Our first meeting since the sad news was held only last week, and unfortunately I was absent through ill health, so that I did not know of the duty which had been devolved upon me until

yesterday. We miss the genial presence, and feel the loss of the wise, manly counsels of our late brother, Mr. Graham, but we feel how insignificant is our loss compared with yours. We thank God for the service which he was privileged to render to the Church of Christ, and rejoice in the thought of the rest and reward which he now enjoys, and we trust that in this remembrance you are able to find some consolation. May you be sustained in your heavy sorrow by Him who alone can comfort you.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Graham, most sincerely yours,

"A. F. JOSCELYNE."

In Memoriam.

Remarks by the Rev. Professor Robert E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, at his funeral:

"They that gathered around the body of Dorcas showed the garments she made, and spoke her praises as they wept. Perhaps it was a thrice-told tale to them, but there was comfort in telling it; and may not we to-day recall those traits of character by which this dear friend endeared himself to our hearts?

"In him there was a rare union of the most different excellencies. He was a giant in the strength of mind and body alike, but withal a child in gentleness and simplicity of nature. He was a man of large experience. He had seen life on many sides. He had tasted of its successes, and we may be sure that he had known the bitterness of its failures. But through it all he had kept in his inmost heart a case of childlikeness, freshness, and everlasting youth. Hence a keen enjoyment of life's simple pleasures, in which none surpassed him. He could teach the wisest, but he could sport with the youngest; hence also his ready tact in dealing with other hearts. He seemed at once to enter into right relations with every one, whether it were the day labourer on the street, or the man of science in his study. He had the key to unlock human hearts, and it was the charm of his directness and simplicity of character. He learned something from every one to add to his own rich stores of information, and to dispense to others in the wonderful flow of his conversation.

"He was richly gifted with intellectual powers and acquirements, but all were laid on the altar of Christ; and his Master was everything to him. Whatever the subject of conversation he brought it round to the one theme, not by constraint nor of any set purpose, but because he could not help it. He illustrated Luther's beautiful translation of an Old Testament text, 'When the heart is full the mouth overflows.' His heart was full of one theme. He became all things to all men that he might win them to the Saviour he loved. It was no mere customary and formal speech which blended Him with his lightest utterance. He could not help it; it was in him, and must come out. With all the energy of a thoroughly affectionate nature he must plead his Master's cause. He must speak for Christ at all times, and all times seemed in season, and none out of it, with him. Every mood of mind, the gravest and the gayest, was with him the mood of a Christian's mind. In the words of his favourite chapter (2 Cor. v.), he might have said, 'Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God: or whether we be sober, it is for your cause. For the love of Christ constraineth us.'

"Of his more public services *we* can speak by report only. He had but one opportunity of preaching the Word during his stay among us, yet that one produced an unusually deep and lively impression upon all who heard it. He has been repeatedly described as the most effective of preachers, and this power lay not in any sensational handling of temporary questions, but in the deep earnestness and scriptural unction of his pulpit utterances.

"And this instrument—so gifted, so polished, so fashioned for the Master's service—that Master has seen fit to lay aside from that service. What a proof of the greatness of those resources with which He is prepared to advance His kingdom and glory among men!"

Funeral sermons, appreciative and of touching interest, were preached in Craven Chapel, London; in Pitt Street, Sydney; and in Clifton Road, Brighton. The Rev. Thomas Johnson's sermon, preached in Pitt Street, Sydney, has been published.

Such was the life of the subject of this narrative, and such the estimation in which his character and work were held by those who best knew him. The wisest use which both the reader and the writer can make of his history—which after all is but imperfectly given—is to follow him as he followed Christ, and look for that "morning without clouds," when "all who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him." Then shall we and our loved ones, who have been washed from our sins in His blood, be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. If the reader is a minister of Christ, as John Graham was, then, by the imitation of his zeal, of his full consecration to God, and by seeking that enduement of power from on high which he sought, and on which he relied for success, he may confidently hope, like him, to turn many to righteousness, and, like him, to shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever.

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